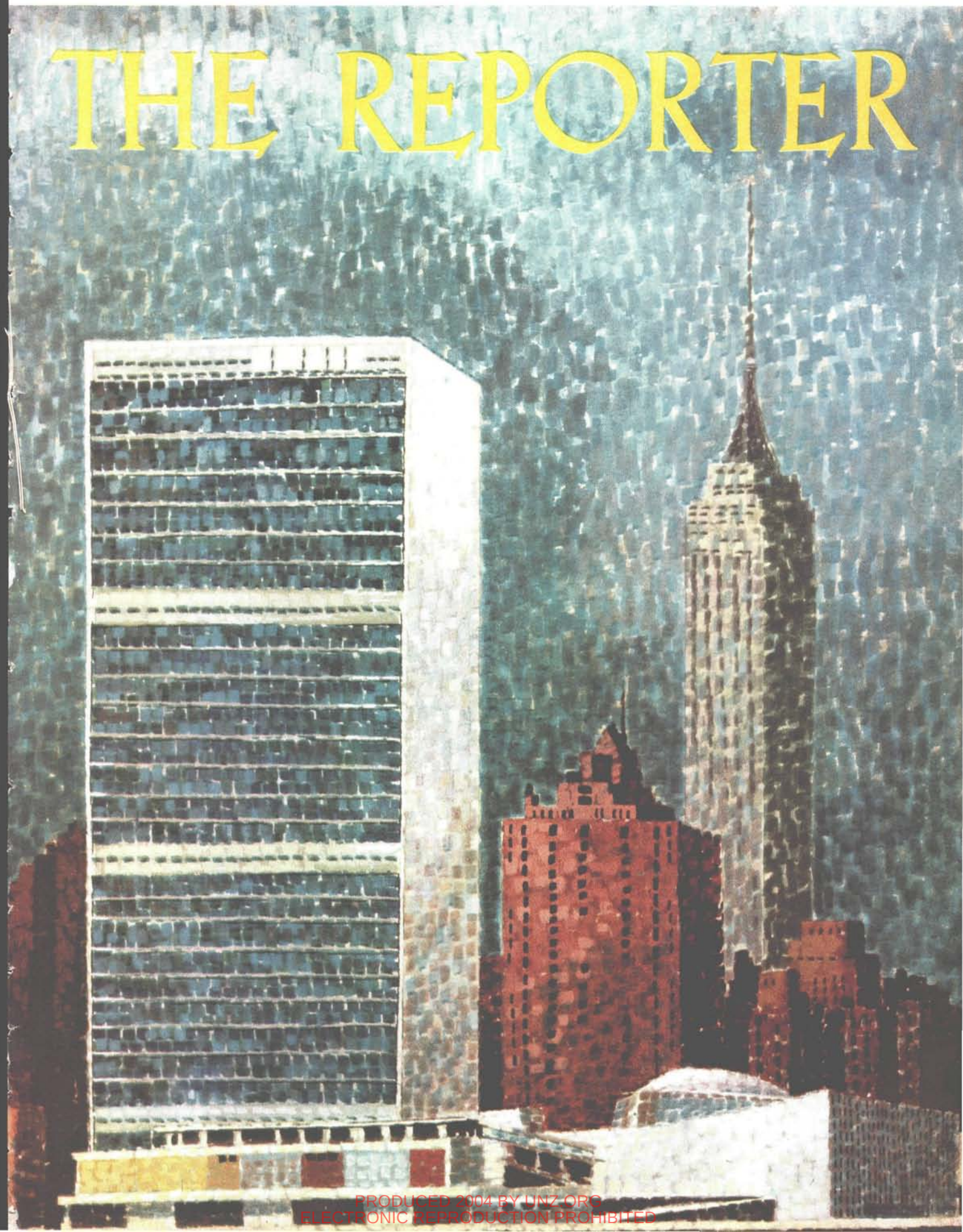
Substitutes for the Summit

September 4, 1958 25¢

THE SOUTH WAITS FOR THE SCHOOL BELL (page 21)

THE REPORTER



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Will they grow up to be what they want to be?

You can help! Write: Better Schools, 9 East 40th St., N. Y. 16, N. Y.

WE MUST HAVE FIRST-RATE SCHOOLS!

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YOU CAN BEGIN MEMBERSHIP IN

The RCA Victor Society of Great Music

WITH A BRILLIANT RECORDING BY **VAN CLIBURN**

OF TCHAIKOVSKY'S FIRST PIANO CONCERTO

The common-sense purpose of this new Society—which is directed by the Book-of-the-Month Club—is to help music lovers build an excellent record library *systematically* instead of haphazardly . . . and at an immense saving

✶ Because of *more systematic* collection, operating costs can be greatly reduced. The remarkable Introductory Offer at the right is a dramatic demonstration. It can represent a 45% saving the first year.

✶ Thereafter, continuing members can build their record library at almost a **ONE-THIRD SAVING.** For every two records purchased (from a group of at least fifty made available annually by the Society) *members will receive a third* RCA VICTOR *Red Seal Record free.*

✶ A cardinal feature of the plan is **GUIDANCE.** The Society has a Selection Panel whose sole function it is to recommend "must-have" works for members. Members of the panel are: **DEEMS TAYLOR,** composer and commentator, Chairman; **SAMUEL CHOTZINOFF,** General Music Director, NBC; **JACQUES BARZUN,** author and music critic; **JOHN M. CONLY,** editor of *High Fidelity*; **AARON COPLAND,** composer; **ALFRED FRANKENSTEIN,** music critic of the *San Francisco Chronicle*; **DOUGLAS MOORE,** composer and Professor of Music, Columbia University; **WILLIAM SCHUMAN,** composer and president of the Juilliard School of Music; **CARLETON SPRAGUE SMITH,** chief of the Music Division, N. Y. Public Library; **G. WALLACE WOODWORTH,** Professor of Music, Harvard University.

✶ Each month, three or more 12-inch 33⅓ R.P.M. RCA VICTOR Red Seal Records are announced to members. One is always singled out as the *record-of-the-month* and, unless the Society is otherwise instructed (on a simple form always provided), this record will be sent to the member. If he does not want the work, he may specify an alternate, or instruct the Society to send him nothing. For every record purchased, members pay $4.98 (the nationally advertised price), plus a small charge for postage and handling.

VAN CLIBURN

NOW AN RCA VICTOR ARTIST

A RECENT and exciting addition to the distinguished artists who perform on RCA VICTOR Red Seal Records is the lanky young Texan who, a few months ago, shot into the international limelight when he won the famous Tchaikovsky Piano Competition in Moscow. His first recording—Tchaikovsky's Piano Concerto No. 1 in B flat minor, conducted by Kiril Kondrashin—is a recent selection of the Society, and, if you wish, you may begin your membership with it. Simply check the box in the coupon.

. . . and beginning members who agree to buy six selections (including the Van Cliburn recording, if they want it) will receive . . .

The Nine Symphonies of Beethoven

CONDUCTED BY

Arturo Toscanini

WITH THE NBC SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

A SEVEN-RECORD ALBUM FOR ONLY

$3.98

[NATIONALLY ADVERTISED PRICE: $34.98]

RCA VICTOR Society of Great Music **V105-9**
c/o Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc., 345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

Please register me as a member of *The RCA Victor Society of Great Music* and send me the seven-record Toscanini-Beethoven album, billing me $4.98 plus a small charge for postage and handling. I agree to buy six selections within twelve months from those made available by the Society, for each of which I will be billed $4.98, the price nationally advertised (plus a small charge for postage and handling). I may cancel my membership any time after buying six records from the Society. After my sixth purchase, if I continue, for every two records I buy from the Society I will receive a third RCA VICTOR Red Seal Record, free.

☐ Check here if you wish to begin with the current selection, **TCHAIKOVSKY'S FIRST PIANO CONCERTO** played by **VAN CLIBURN.** (This counts toward fulfillment of the six-selection agreement.)

MR. }
MRS. } .....
MISS } (Please print plainly)

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

NOTE: If you wish to enroll through an authorized RCA VICTOR dealer, please fill in here:

DEALER'S NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....**ZONE**.....**STATE**.....

PLEASE NOTE: Records can be shipped only to residents of the U. S. and its territories and Canada. Records for Canadian members are made in Canada and shipped *duty free* from Ontario.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE REPORTER'S NOTES

The Tremendous Upsurge

With the closing of Congress, the legislators of this Republic have gone home, most of them, we are sure, tired to the bone and weary at heart. A congressman's job is a back-breaking one, particularly for men earnestly dedicated to serving both their individual constituency and the nation as a whole. Moreover, it is literally true that the congressman's work gets harder with each session.

This last one must have been a nightmare—at least for those who happened to be burdened with intelligence and character. Aside from the imposing legislative program that had to be studied and debated, aside from all the investigating and other peripheral activities, the most responsible among the congressmen could not help worrying themselves sick about what the very survival of our nation demanded. They knew that this was more than they could cope with; for in the absence of Executive leadership, Congress has no way of setting a course for the nation.

In the last days of this session, some anguished speeches were made on the floor of the Senate. Senator Kennedy told his colleagues about the need to redouble the effort for universal disarmament. He spoke of the growing superiority of the Soviet Union in missile development and of the widening gap between Russia's offensive capabilities and our own. Speeches in the same vein were delivered by other senators, all members of the Foreign Relations Committee: Fulbright, Mansfield, and Humphrey.

But then, a few days later, these senators got what was coming to them. Senator Saltonstall of Massachusetts was particularly hard on his junior colleague. What is all this talk about a gap? he asked angrily. It may turn out to be an invitation to Soviet attack. We are doing fine in missiles, he added; the intermediate-range missiles are in production and the Atlas intercontinental ballistic missile has been successfully test-fired.

Senator Saltonstall is as hard-working a senator as any of his colleagues, and for years he has been assiduously studying our weapons system, particularly missiles. His record as an expert happens to be somewhat spotty. In 1956, for instance, in a speech in Buffalo, he spoke of "our growing stockpile of intercontinental ballistic missiles." At that time Senator Symington replied: "The United States has no stockpile of intercontinental ballistic missiles whatever—and under present conditions won't have any for years to come."

THESE HAPLESS WORRIERS, the Kennedys and the rest, are likely to be stunned by the current reports that public opinion, by and large, does not share their apprehensions. What is all this grousing about the lack of Executive leadership? asked Mr. Meade Alcorn, chairman of the Republican National Committee. He added, "There has been a tremendous upsurge for the President in the mail we have been receiving recently at national headquarters. There are a number of reasons given: he was right about the recession being temporary; he is supported for his action in sending troops to Lebanon; all this chatter about his not being a powerful leader is not borne out by events and his actions."

For whatever it's worth, the Gullup Poll seems to bear out Mr. Alcorn's contention. In July, when the Adams-Goldfine affair was filling the front pages, only fifty-two per cent of the people interviewed thought the President was doing a good job. But then General Eisenhower sent the Marines to Lebanon and it worked like magic: the President's popularity jumped to fifty-eight per cent.

THE SENATORS we mentioned are now busy, either running for re-election or fence-mending. Maybe it's a blessing, for if these valuable citizens had unhurried, free time at their disposal, they might decide to undergo a short-term analysis or to enter a Trappist monastery.

A Wrong to Be Righted

On countless occasions, the President has stated his unswerving determination to pay the greatest respect to the dignity of small nations. Unfortunately, there is one small nation that is just plain mad at us, and its leaders make no bones about it.

The Dominican Republic proudly abstained from participating in the emergency meeting of the General Assembly, and the Arab resolution was therefore approved by all the member nations but one. Moreover, the Dominican parliament recently voted to give up military-aid agreements with the United States and to end agreements for establishing a

COLD SEA AND HOT AIR

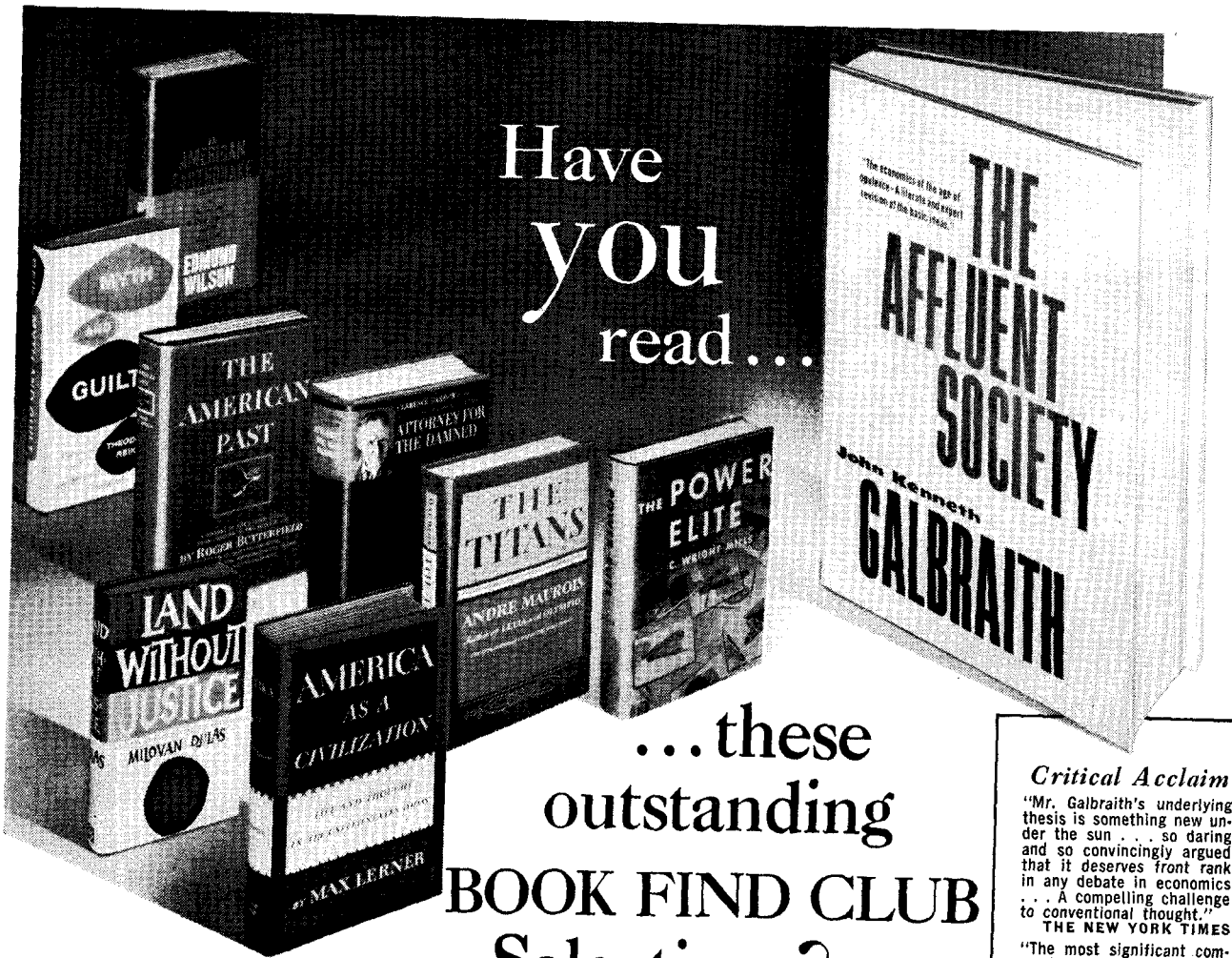
Secretive, silent under Arctic ice,
The great gray ships move in predestined ways.
No words rise from the oceanic deeps
Till they have done their round of hidden days.

Loudly and fiercely in the waiting sky
The moon-aimed rockets hiss and blaze and burst
And fall to earth, harassed in birth and death
By words of when and how and who'll be first.

—SEC

THE REPORTER, September 4, 1958, Volume 19, No. 3. Entered as second class matter at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Published every other Thursday except for omission of two summer issues by The Reporter Magazine Company, 136 East 57th Street, New York 22, N. Y. © 1958 by The Reporter Magazine Company. All rights reserved under Pan-American Copyright Convention. Subscription prices, United States, Canada, U.S. Possessions and Pan American Union: One year $6, Two years $9.50. Three years $12. All other countries: One year $7, Two years $11.50, Three years $15. Please give four weeks' notice when changing address, giving old and new addresses. **Send notice of undelivered copies on Form 3579 to: The Reporter, McCall St., Dayton 1, Ohio.** Indexed in *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature* and *Public Affairs Information Service.*

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



...these outstanding BOOK FIND CLUB Selections?

Here are some of the outstanding selections offered to members of THE BOOK FIND CLUB during the recent months. These are books people are talking about, provocative reading in every area of interest. And these are representative of the books which have earned THE BOOK FIND CLUB the reputation for "The Best In Fiction and Non-fiction."

Now, you can have any 3 of these important books for only $3.95. As a member of the club, you will have the opportunity to purchase monthly selections at prices up to 50% below retail. And with each fourth purchase, you will receive an outstanding Bonus Book FREE.

Critical Acclaim

"Mr. Galbraith's underlying thesis is something new under the sun . . . so daring and so convincingly argued that it deserves front rank in any debate in economics . . . A compelling challenge to conventional thought."
THE NEW YORK TIMES

"The most significant commentary on matters of general public concern to have been published in many a year . . ."
THE WASHINGTON POST

"Galbraith takes the dismal slant out into the sunlight . . ." THE REPORTER

"He has a gift for charming irony, picturesque analogy, and witty aphorisms . . ."
WALL STREET JOURNAL

"As disturbing as it is brilliant . . ." NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE

"A more refreshing examination of the stereotype of both liberal and conservative economic thought has not appeared in many years . . ." THE NATION

Choose any **3** *for only* **3.95**

with membership in **THE BOOK FIND CLUB**

Each Month, Book Find Club members receive the interesting and informative *Book Find News*, containing an authoritative review of the forthcoming selection and other information about the many selections offered to members . . . each at a special low membership price. If you choose to receive the selection, you need do nothing: it will be sent to you automatically. If you would like to reject the selection or substitute another of the many volumes offered, you simply return the conveniently provided form. *Begin your membership now by accepting any 3 of these outstanding books for only $3.95.*

Mail this coupon today!

THE BOOK FIND CLUB
215 Fourth Avenue
New York 3, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member and send me for only $3.95 plus 24¢ postage and handling, the 3 books I have indicated. I am to receive free the monthly Book Find News. I agree to purchase at least 5 additional books during my first year of membership and I am to receive a Free Bonus Book for each four purchases. I may cancel my membership at any time after accepting five selections. *Note: Save the cost of postage and handling of your introductory offer by enclosing check or money order.*

	Pub. at
☐ THE AFFLUENT SOCIETY	$ 5.00
☐ AMERICA AS A CIVILIZATION	10.00
☐ LAND WITHOUT JUSTICE	5.75
☐ ATTORNEY FOR THE DAMNED	6.50
☐ THE AMERICAN PAST	6.95
☐ THE TITANS	5.95
☐ MYTH AND GUILT	5.75
☐ THE POWER ELITE	6.00
☐ THE AMERICAN EARTHQUAKE	6.00

Name .....
(please print)
Street .....
City ..... Zone ..... State .....

(Same Price in Canada: Address 105 Bond Street, Toronto 2, Canada)

RE-9-4B

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

missile range and a radar station on Dominican soil.

It all comes from the fact that Generalissimo Trujillo's son did not get a degree from the Command and General Staff College at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, which he had attended rather desultorily. We would worry about this offense inflicted on a sister republic and a fellow member of the United Nations and would be inclined to ask what could be done about it—except that we feel sure that somebody at the State Department must be busy fixing up the whole thing.

Repeat Performance

Little Rock is with us again, and it is just as if nothing had been changed by last year's anguish. The only element that even seemed new was the simple statement of a very old truth. We refer, of course, to the decision of the U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals at St. Louis that "the time has not yet come in these United States when an order of the Federal Court must be whittled away, watered down or shamefully withdrawn in the face of violent and unlawful acts of individual citizens in opposition thereto."

This would seem to be so obvious that perhaps we should be ashamed that a time had come when it needed to be said at all. And furthermore the mob was to have its way at least temporarily, since on appeal the court granted a thirty-day stay of its own order that Negro students should be admitted at Central High this fall. The Supreme Court can rule on the Little Rock Board of Education's appeal, but it cannot end the tragedy of Little Rock. All the actors are ready to start that awful drama again.

Even though Governor Faubus has now won the election toward which his actions in Little Rock were so obviously directed, he is still indulging in the same demagoguery that made him famous a year ago. And even though President Eisenhower must realize by now that he has nothing more to win or lose except his position in history, he is still mouthing the same soulful commonplaces and threatening the same essentially meaningless show of force.

The President speaks of "the solemn duty that all Americans have to comply with the final orders of the court," but he apparently fails to realize that he, as head of the Executive branch of our government, is supposed to provide not passive compliance—and it *is* passive, no matter how many paratroopers he may call out—but purposeful leadership.

At his August 20 press conference, the President was asked whether he would finally say whether he personally favored the beginning of an end to segregated schools:

"I have always declined," he replied, "to do that for the simple reason that here was something that the Supreme Court says this is the direction of the Constitution, this is the instruction of the Constitution. That is, they say this is the meaning of the Constitution.

"Now I am sworn to one thing, to defend the Constitution of the United States, and execute its laws. Therefore, for me to weaken public opinion by discussion of complete—separate cases, where I might agree or might disagree, seems to me to be completely unwise and not a good thing to do.

"I have an oath; I expect to carry it out. And the mere fact that I could disagree very violently with a decision, and would so express myself, then my own duty would be much more difficult to carry out I think. So I think it is just not good business for me to do so."

In other words, the President of the United States is sworn to uphold the Constitution of the United States—but he doesn't have to say he likes it. The Judiciary has the power to construe the Constitution and the Legislature to develop its principles; when the President limits himself merely to registering what the other branches do, he reduces his own position as a separate but equal power to that of a robot.

If Mr. Eisenhower is seriously concerned that he may "weaken public opinion," he should surely ask himself whether the hints he keeps dropping to the effect that "I could disagree very violently with a decision" do not in fact give secret encouragement to many who fail to share his respect for the courts and the Constitution. The general is too good a soldier not to have the utmost contempt for the sort of officer who passes on an unpopular order to his troops while implying that he doesn't like it any better than they do and blaming it all on some idiots higher up the chain of command. Such an officer invariably ends by losing both the respect of those he has been chosen to lead and his own ability to lead them.

No, nothing has really changed since last September, and we ourselves still feel exactly as we did a year ago when we ended our first note on the tragedy of Little Rock with these words:

"We know we cannot ask too much of the President, but if he would just walk, with a Negro child at his side, through the doorway of a Southern school, then this nightmare—this national disgrace—would come to an end."

Those Insolent Foreigners

Despite many harsh and critical words in the past, we have nothing but the best wishes for the carmakers of Detroit as they start producing their new models. We hope the 59s sell well enough to please even Walter Reuther. May every tailfin please, every hardtop find a buyer, and the dread of the Volkswagen recede into the past like a forgotten nightmare. The spectacle of American cars losing ground, however slightly, to foreign rivals represents not only a blow to our national economy but also an intolerable affront to our national pride.

Take the case of Frank Elliott, a Dodge dealer in Bedford, Ohio, who has been forced to conclude that if he can't beat them he'd better join them: Poor Mr. Elliott has been running a sort of tie-in sale, offering one of those tiny Isettas at half price to anyone who'll buy a Dodge. What could be more degrading?

And it's not only the little fellows who are bothering us; it's the big fellows too. Rolls Royce reports a record year, thanks largely to exports, of course. Lord Kindersley, chairman of the Rolls Royce board, even has grandiose ideas about opening new markets. In his annual report, he envisioned a great future for his expensive product in, of all places, Communist China. Isettas in Ohio, Rolls Royces in Manchuria—surely the times are out of joint. And it's up to the wonder-workers of Detroit to set them right.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORRESPONDENCE

THE MIDDLE EAST

To the Editor: Thank you for your editorial "The Worst Yet" (*The Reporter*, August 7). I have not been able to find, since the President dispatched the Marines, as forthright and as adequate an appraisal of our government's intervention in Lebanon.

You conclude that "The extraordinary thing is that in this new game of international politics the greatest democracy in the world consistently manages to be the loser." I submit that we shall continue to be the loser as long as our State Department adamantly refuses to heed both the wisest of international statesmen and the best of advisers in Congress.

Senator Humphrey's restraint in "A Chronology of Failure" is perhaps commendable, yet I feel he could well have brought out more directly the State Department's refusal to act upon the suggestions of Congress, which he has done in speeches before the Senate.

I would agree with the senator that "As Americans, we should spend no time in recrimination." Yet we must realize that if our people do not get the facts and do not demand a change in the conduct of foreign affairs, the intransigence of the State Department will thwart all efforts to shape a constructive foreign policy. If so, the worst is yet to come.

MRS. E. W. ANACKER
Bozeman, Montana

To the Editor: The articles in your August 7 issue on the Lebanese situation were quite welcome, especially those by Senator Humphrey and Michael Ionides ("Iraq: The End of an Era").

It is distressing to note the amount of cant and glittering phraseology that is coming from Washington these days. "We went in to keep Lebanon free"—free to continue with a president no one wanted, a president who had precipitated the entire crisis by defying the constitution and declaring for a second six-year term. "We went in to protect our citizens there"—a beautiful excuse that Soviet Russia could take over sometime if it felt we were jeopardizing the lives of its citizens who happened to be over here. Did we ever think seriously of armed intervention before the Iraqi coup occurred? I judge not, since on June 25 our Defense Department discouraged the idea.

(REV.) EDWARD A. JOHNSON
Dongola, Illinois

To the Editor: Senator Humphrey presents the problems of the Middle East in a clear and direct way, giving us a significant policy that would gain respect for the country all over the world and at the same time satisfy our wants here in the U.S.

ROBERT GEORGE
Boston

THE UNDERSEA THREAT

To the Editor: William H. Hessler's article, "The Navy Takes Up Russia's Undersea Challenge" (*The Reporter*, August 7), is most timely. The threat of Russia's undersea fleet is a critical one, and one of which a thinking readership should be informed. Mr. Hessler has handled the piece with a balance of treatment and insight into the problem that is in keeping with the usual quality of his work.

Mr. Hessler's writing enjoys an excellent reputation in naval circles.

ARLEIGH BURKE
Chief of Naval Operations

To the Editor: I have found Mr. Hessler's article very interesting. He shows a very good grasp of the anti-submarine warfare problem.

C. B. MOMSEN
General Dynamics Corporation
Washington

THE RAILROADS' PLIGHT

To the Editor: Robert Bendiner ("The Railroads: From Overlord to Underdog," *The Reporter*, August 7) is to be complimented for the understanding he has of the vital need in this country for a more realistic national transportation policy. The Smathers bill, just passed in Congress, is a good start in that direction.

Thanks to many fine publications like *The Reporter*, there is a great growing public awareness of this need, and we feel confident that Congress will take further action in the near future.

WALTER J. TUOHY, President
Chesapeake and Ohio Railway Co.
Cleveland

To the Editor: Mr. Bendiner's article is most interesting and reflects a great deal of research and thought.

At the moment, I am inclined to disagree with Mr. Bendiner's conclusion that the best hope of the railroads is a "massive government-industry effort to revise the entire transportation pattern." Assuming national growth and prosperity in the years that lie ahead, I think that the railroads will be able to solve their problems if elementary concepts of fair play and sound economics are applied to them. The Transportation Act of 1958 represents an important step in this direction, and the transportation study the Senate has authorized suggests that further action of this character may be anticipated.

STANFIELD JOHNSON, Chairman
Association of Southeastern
Railroads
Washington

To the Editor: Mr. Bendiner presented the plight of the railroads in a succinct and enlightening manner. However, a few points need amplifying.

From a strictly scientific and engineering point of view, there is no method of transportation that can equal the railroads' ability to haul a given load over a given distance with as low an expenditure of mechanical energy and manpower. The amount of power required to haul a hundred-car freight train is about equal to that needed to push a four-engine transport plane through the air. Similarly, it takes two or three hundred trucks to carry the load of this same train, using about six times as much energy and fifty times the number of men.

The railroads of the United States appear to be doing a tremendous job in the face of appalling public apathy, and if they are ever treated equitably and exploited fully, they will be able to develop into the finest, most useful precision transportation system the world has ever seen. They are far from dead as a fundamental concept in machinery for moving goods and passengers. All they need is an awakening on the part of their owners, their managers, various regulatory government agencies, and a public that will encourage them.

JOHN B. HOLT
Aurora, Ohio

To the Editor: Mr. Bendiner's statement that "the Railway Brotherhoods still refuse to let them [the railroad companies] drop a fireman from a Diesel locomotive, where he is no more needed than a Pullman porter on a cattle car," represents an observation indicative of lack of knowledge pertaining to technical train operation.

Locomotive firemen are artisans in a highly technical industry. They are required to pass basic examinations in locomotive mechanics before promotion to engineer and must take periodical examinations in train-operating rules, in addition to regular physicals. They are required to consult bulletins and notices, inspect the locomotive equipment, and compare time before departure. Aside from such pre-terminal departure rules, they examine train orders and messages with the engineer and likewise jointly refer to timetable schedules and special instructions en route. Firemen, many of whom become engineers and assume the "right" side of the cab when seniority permits, call signal aspects to the engineer, who repeats the position. They must observe the train from their side to note operating conditions or hand signals. Patrolling of the Diesel unit or multiple units is part of their duties.

As a passenger-train conductor, I have often been in the Diesel control compartments and noted the multiplicity of gauges and allied equipment and the complexity of the engine compartment. When defects developed, the engineman frequently consulted the comprehensive mechanical instructions or diagrams in an attempt to repair the Diesel temporarily, and generally was able to do so—frequently without recourse to the mechanical directions and layouts.

GOTTFRID LINDSTEN
Minneapolis

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOREIGN POLICY and the FREE SOCIETY

An important new book about the consequences for liberty of the foreign and military policies of the United States.

Eleven distinguished members of the Fund For the Republic's Committee on Basic Issues contribute to a discussion which calls for an immediate re-examination of the cold war concept of American relations with Russia.

This collection of papers and dialogues backgrounds today's headlines, the events and philosophies which led to them; and projects the possible patterns ahead.

Copies available in bookstores at $1.00 paperback; $2.75 clothbound, or use coupon below to order direct from Oceana Publications.

OCEANA PUBLICATIONS
80 4th Avenue
New York City, New York

I Enclose $_____

Please send me_____copies of "Foreign Policy and the Free Society" in paperback ☐ cloth ☐

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____STATE_____

Residents of New York City add 3% sales tax. Cash should accompany orders under $5.00.

WHO— WHAT— WHY—

THERE IS NO getting away from the fact: no matter how hard the leaders of the great powers may have tried to avoid the summit meeting, the idea of that meeting is still with us and, sometime, it will take place—probably sooner than is generally expected. Something that the journalists call a sub-summit meeting is taking place in the U.N. at the foreign-minister level, and the heads of government cannot but help prepare for a meeting that they cannot long postpone. There is something entirely new, and indeed unprecedented, in the present international situation, as **Max Ascoli** points out in his editorial. A position of strength, or a show of strength, is more important than ever, but the advantage the great powers derive from it may be in inverse proportion to the ostentatious use they make of it. If we have gained little from our Lebanese venture, we have lost nothing—nothing but the respect of those sections of mankind for whose respect we should care.

Because of the stalemate—as long as it lasts—between the retaliatory power of the two major nations, the role of the man who is automatically mobilized whenever there is a stalemate in the world is becoming more and more important. The man, of course, is Dag Hammarskjöld. He, personally and as head of the Secretariat of the U.N., played a major role in keeping some kind of peace in the Middle East. But when the Middle East became the most crucial spot on the globe, the burden of responsibility that he has had to assume has been immeasurably increased. It is described by **Sven Åhman,** a Swedish journalist who has been following U.N. proceedings since 1946 as U.S. correspondent for the Stockholm *Dagens Nyheter.*

Isaac Deutscher analyzes the peculiar triangular relationship between Nasser, Khrushchev, and Mao. There is certainly no love lost between these three gentlemen, and Khrushchev cannot forget the fact that Nasser's government is a dictatorship which no Communist, or Arab leader, could possibly call a dictatorship of the proletariat. Meanwhile, in Mao's eyes, Khrushchev is, if not precisely a Nasser, at least something of a Muscovite Tito. And so it goes round and round. In this connection it must not be forgotten that it is largely due to the action of our government that Nasser had to hurry from Tito to Khrushchev and Khrushchev from Moscow to Peking.

One summit leader who has displayed singular wisdom is General de Gaulle, as can be seen in the report from our European Correspondent **Edmond Taylor.** Another western leader, Harold Macmillan, seems to be enjoying all the luck in the world, according to **Peregrine Worsthorne** of the staff of the London *Daily Telegraph.*

WE PUBLISH two stories on the South: one, by **William H. Hessler** of the Cincinnati *Enquirer,* on integration in a peculiarly strategic county adjacent to Washington, and another, by **David Halberstam** of the Nashville *Tennessean,* describing the defeat of a Southern demagogue. . . . **Michael Adams** is Middle East correspondent for the Manchester *Guardian* and the author of *Suez and After* (Beacon Press). . . . **Gordon Shepherd,** a staff correspondent for the London *Daily Telegraph,* is the first western journalist to penetrate the Indian "inner line" since the Chinese invasion of Tibet. . . . We conclude publication of excerpts from the Russian novel *Doctor Zhivago* by **Boris Pasternak,** which Pantheon Books will bring out in this country on September 5. The translation is by Max Hayward and Manya Harari and the translator of the poems is Bernard Guilbert Guerney. . . . **Naomi Mitchison** is a prominent Scottish writer. . . . **Gerald Weales** is an assistant professor in the Department of English at the University of Pennsylvania. . . . **Sidney Alexander** is the author of *Michelangelo the Florentine* (Random House). . . . **William Harlan Hale,** formerly of *The Reporter,* is now managing editor of *Horizon.* . . . **Jay Jacobs** is a writer and artist living in New York.

Our cover is by **Carol Hamann.**

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE REPORTER

THE MAGAZINE OF FACTS AND IDEAS

MAX ASCOLI, *Editor and Publisher*

Executive Editor, Philip Horton • *Managing Editor,* Robert Bingham
Associate Editor, Gouverneur Paulding • *Contributing Editor,* Robert Bendiner
Art Director, Reg Massie • *Copy Editors:* Derek Morgan, Robert H. Albert
Staff Writers: Claire Sterling, Marya Mannes, Charles Clift, Paul Jacobs
Assistant to the Managing Editor, Louisa Messolonghites • *Librarian,* Ruth Ames
General Manager, John J. Borghi • *Circulation Manager,* George Hinckley
Director of Promotion, Shirley Katzander • *Production Manager,* Ann Hollyday Sharp

VOLUME 19, NO. 3 **SEPTEMBER 4, 1958**

THE REPORTER'S NOTES 2

Subplots on the World Stage

SUBSTITUTES FOR THE SUMMIT—AN EDITORIAL . . . . . *Max Ascoli* 8
MR. HAMMARSKJOLD'S NOT-SO-QUIET DIPLOMACY . . . . . *Sven Ahman* 9
MOSCOW, PEKING, AND ARAB NATIONALISM . . . . . *Isaac Deutscher* 13
AN INTERIM REPORT ON DE GAULLE'S DIPLOMACY . . . . *Edmond Taylor* 16
HAROLD MACMILLAN WINS HIS SPURS . . . . . *Peregrine Worsthorne* 18

At Home & Abroad

A SOUTHERN COUNTY WAITS FOR THE SCHOOL BELL . . *William H. Hessler* 21
THE AIR-CONDITIONED CRUSADE AGAINST ALBERT GORE . . *David Halberstam* 24
IS KUWAIT NEXT ON NASSER'S TIMETABLE? . . . . . *Michael Adams* 26
WHERE INDIA MEETS RED CHINA HIGH IN THE HIMALAYAS . . . . . *Gordon Shepherd* 29

Final Excerpts from 'Doctor Zhivago' . . . . . *Boris Pasternak* 32

Views & Reviews

'IT IS IN GLASGOW I WOULD RATHER BE' . . . . . *Naomi Mitchison* 40
THE BARD IN ONTARIO . . . . . *Gerald Weales* 42
'IT IS STILL, ALAS, GOOD FRIDAY' . . . . . *Sidney Alexander* 44
THE TOAST OF VIENNA AND THEN SOME . . . . . *William Harlan Hale* 46
'OLD MAN MAD WITH DRAWING' . . . . . *Jay Jacobs* 48

Editorial and Business Offices:
136 East 57th Street, New York 22, N. Y.

Manuscripts or artwork submitted to The Reporter should be accompanied by addressed envelope and return postage. The publisher assumes no responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts or artwork.

100 Lire. *Worth about 16 cents.* The lira is over 2000 years old. Nowadays in Rome, about 100 of them buy a dish of Tagliatelle alla Marinara (extra thin "spaghetti" with seafood sauce) at a Trattoria. *Fabuloso!*

BOAC's "Highlights Tour" this fall takes you to Rome as well as Brussels, London, Zurich and Paris. 17 all-expense days only $816 round-trip from New York. Get the "BOAC Tours to Britain and Europe" booklet from any Travel Agent or:—

World Leader in Jet Travel **B·O·A·C** *takes good care of you*

BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION
Dept. BE-R, 530 Fifth Ave., New York 36. MU 7-8900

JUST OUT!

New revised edition of

SAUDI ARABIA

By *KARL S. TWITCHELL*

"There is hardly an aspect of contemporary life and society of Saudi Arabia which is not presented and explained in straightforward prose and with unusual objectivity." — *New York Times*

312 pages. Illustrated. $5.00

At your bookstore

Princeton University Press
Princeton, New Jersey

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Substitutes for the Summit

One conclusion can already be drawn from our Lebanese venture: In terms of arms and men it has been rather inexpensive. We might have had to pay the immeasurable cost of total war. But no "volunteers" were shipped from the Communist to the Arab countries and, in fact, there was scarcely any talk about such "volunteers." For some days, Russian countermeasures were expected, and then the Russians decided not to live up to the expectations that they themselves had aroused: Soviet soldiers were not sent to Syria as an answer to the presence of our Marines in Lebanon. It takes two to make a war, limited or total. The Russians refused to play.

What greater evidence of success! claim the Republican and Democratic apologists for the administration. Without any fighting, our Marines and paratroopers accomplished their mission. The tide that swept Baghdad has spared Beirut—maybe even Amman. Now the United Arab Republic together with the other Nasser-minded Arab countries have repledged themselves to the reciprocal noninterference pact of the Arab League. Indeed, even Jordan and Lebanon, their present leaders still in the saddle, have been re-acknowledged as Leaguers in good standing. Actually, those professional friends of ours in the two tiny Levantine countries have won only a reprieve, for no power on earth can prevent their being ultimately booted out, or worse. But certainly, it is said, our willingness and capacity to intervene militarily in the Middle East or anywhere else in the world can no longer be questioned.

It is refreshing to know that influential people in both parties hold such a rosy view of things. For the paramount factor in the present Middle East situation is Russian nonintervention rather than Anglo-American intervention. The Russians kept insisting, indeed shouting from the rooftops of the Kremlin, that the Anglo-American powers were guilty of aggression. With the "aggressors'" guns keeping a discreet silence, the air was filled with the Soviet shouts. Undeterred by the absence of any conflict, Khrushchev even managed to hear gunfire and kept screaming for days: "The military conflict has started." Couldn't the leaders of the world meet practically the next morning to stop it? With the same vigor, the Soviet leaders kept calling the world's attention to their own restraint, peace-lovingness, and general virtue.

From their virtuous peace-lovingness they derived bountiful rewards. The few thousand American soldiers incongruously stuck in Lebanon made us look like a decaying colonial power, hopelessly engaged in saving an empire—an empire that incidentally we never had. Could we have better complied with Khrushchev's fondest wishes? He let us go to the brink and must have cherished every day we spent there. Why should he have pushed us over? As long as the present reciprocal deterrent between the two major powers remains, wars are superfluous. A little bit of military action, or even better a well-advertised inaction, can produce fantastic results.

Our Lebanese venture reveals the basic features of this new international war game, as well as what it takes to win it. We have seen at very close range what that much-fabled thing called limited war actually is—at least as long as the two polar nations have the power to wipe each other out. It had been thought that limited war meant war on less than a total scale, fought with weapons of measurable, controllable destructiveness—nuclear weapons, maybe, but somehow housebroken. It had been thought that for all the earnest pronouncements of the world's leaders—and first of all of our President—some alternative to peace could be found. Limited war was it.

In Lebanon we have seen how the size of military action needed to alter the balance of power between the two major nations can be ludicrously smaller than anybody could ever have imagined. At least in this particular case, clever inaction paid infinitely better dividends than impulsive action. The landing of a few thousand Marines and paratroopers was counteracted by the Russian claim that this was military aggression. That lie was enough to create a condition of world-wide emergency and the U.N. General Assembly was called to cope with it.

No matter whether or not the member nations believed us to be the aggressors, there was unanimous agreement that we had to get out of Lebanon—and the sooner the better. Friends, enemies, and neutrals all eagerly competed to help us get off that limb.

Will this be enough to make us realize that, where the two major nations are involved, playing soldiers contributes little or nothing to the solution of immensely complex international difficulties? Will our leaders learn that the actual use of military power, even in the smallest measure, is inevitably self-defeating when unsupported by diplomatic thinking and diplomatic action? We cannot find substitutes for diplomacy, at the summit or at any intermediate level—unless we consent to become the ward of the U.N.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. Hammarskjöld's Not-So-Quiet Diplomacy

SVEN ÅHMAN

THE CORRIDORS of the United Nations Headquarters were quiet and almost empty the day after Japan had failed in an attempt to get agreement in the Security Council on measures that would make it possible for the American troops to be withdrawn from Lebanon. The contrast with the preceding busy days was such that I remarked on it to an acquaintance. Without thinking, I said that the place suddenly felt like a vacuum.

He slapped me on the shoulder and said: "But you know what happens to a vacuum, don't you? Mr. Hammarskjöld fills it!"

I could not make up my mind if the words were meant as a sly dig or a compliment for my countryman —the diplomat who spoke was one of those inscrutable Britons. But whether he belonged to the Let-Dag-do-it or to the Let's-cut-the-fellow-down-to-size school, he was right.

On his election to a second five-year term as secretary-general of the United Nations last year, Dag Hammarskjöld made a statement whose full relevance did not become apparent until applied in the atmosphere of frustration created by the Soviet veto of Japan's proposal on Lebanon. "I do not believe," Hammarskjöld had told the General Assembly on September 26, 1957, "that the secretary-general should be asked to act, by the member states, if no guidance for his action is to be found either in the Charter or in the decisions of the main organs of the United Nations; within the limits thus set, however, I believe it to be his duty to use his office and, indeed, the machinery of the Organization to its utmost capacity and to the full extent permitted at each stage by practical circumstances.

"On the other hand, I believe that it is in keeping with the philosophy of the Charter that the secretary-general should be expected to act also without such guidance, should this appear to him necessary *in order to help in filling any vacuum* that may appear in the systems which the Charter and traditional diplomacy provide for the safeguarding of peace and security."

There it was. Hammarskjöld had said it himself almost a year before. And he had recalled those words to the Council right after Arkady A. Sobolev had cast his veto against the Japanese proposal on July 22. Hammarskjöld also reminded the Council members of something he had said to them on another occasion, indeed a memorable one, at the outset of the Suez crisis on October 31, 1956:

"The discretion and impartiality . . . imposed on the secretary-general by the character of his immediate task must not degenerate into a policy of expediency." Applying these two ideas which he had thus formulated earlier—that the inaction of the U.N. would not necessarily paralyze him and that he would be guided by principles and not by the drift of events—Hammarskjöld then proceeded to tell the Security Council, in effect, that even without any mandate from the Council he intended to do just about the same things that would have been expected of him if the Japanese proposal had been passed. And nobody objected.

THE EPISODE is a good illustration of how the nature of the office of U.N. secretary-general has changed during Hammarskjöld's tenure. The change, which has come about largely as a result of the series of Middle East crises, has become increasingly apparent at every turn. At an early stage in his career at the U.N., Hammarskjöld coined the phrase "quiet diplomacy." Since then it has been thrown back at him so often that he is undoubtedly tired of it—as a phrase, that is, not as a concept. But recent events have compelled him to practice, in addition, a good deal of not-so-quiet diplomacy.

An 'Impossible' Job

From the very beginning, Hammarskjöld's way of filling the post of U.N. secretary-general—an "impossible" job, as Trygve Lie told him the moment he stepped off the plane from Stockholm to take it over more than five years ago—has been quite different from that of his predecessor. Mr. Lie, a veteran Norwegian politician and former foreign minister, was succeeded by a man accomplished in many fields but certainly not in the hurly-burly of politics. An economist by trade with a distinguished career as a civil servant in his native Sweden, Hammarskjöld had served as undersecretary in the department of finance in Stockholm throughout the Second World War. He had headed the Swedish National Bank as chairman of its board and had represented Sweden in OEEC, the Marshall Plan organization in Europe, during its early years. In 1946 he had been called into the foreign office to look after the new multilateral relationships that proliferated after the war. Retaining more or less the same tasks, he had finally, and almost accidentally, become a cabinet minister without portfolio in a Social Democratic administration. He

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was not a member of the party himself, had never held or run for an elective office, and very rarely appeared in public. He liked to describe himself as a technician, and he was one.

A Change After Suez

Hammarskjöld's early ideas about how he would handle the office of secretary-general therefore differed considerably from those of his predecessor. Lie did not see his task as that of a negotiator. With his background in politics, he considered it his job to indicate a direction, to set the tone, and leave negotiating to others. In principle, his view was not very different from that apparently held by Paul-Henri Spaak as secretary-general of NATO, and for much the same reasons. The backgrounds of Spaak and Lie are political. But Hammarskjöld's is technical, one might even say apolitical.

He was fully prepared to engage in negotiation, but in keeping with his civil-servant background it would have to be a "neutral" negotiation, one in which he was guided by a reasonable mandate from his principals, the members of the United Nations. The Suez crisis changed all that.

There were several reasons why the Suez crisis became a turning point in Hammarskjöld's career as secretary-general. To begin with, it placed him in a conflict with two of the permanent members of the Security Council, a conflict that was so sharp as to make it almost necessary to redefine his relationship with the U.N. organs and their members. That was when Britain and France decided on military action in Suez and vetoed the U.S. proposal to order Israel to stop operations in the Sinai Peninsula. Only a few weeks earlier they had accepted six vague "principles" concerning Suez Canal shipping that Hammarskjöld had laboriously evolved in private negotiation—not to say "quiet diplomacy"—with their foreign ministers, Selwyn Lloyd and Christian Pineau, and with their opposite number in Cairo, Dr. Mahmoud Fawzi.

In the same statement to the Security Council in which Hammarskjöld indicated that he would not pursue a "policy of expediency" he also said: "A secretary-general cannot serve on any other assumption than that—within the necessary limits of human frailty and honest differences of opinion—all member nations honor their pledge to observe all articles of the Charter. He should also be able to assume that those organs which are charged with the task of upholding the Charter will be in a position to fulfill their task."

After thus taking exception to the Franco-British vetoes, he added: "The bearing of what I have just said must be obvious to all without any elaboration from my side. Were the members to consider that another view of the duties of the secretary-general than the one here stated would better serve the interests of the Organization, it is their obvious right to act accordingly."

AT THE TIME, his statement was widely taken as an offer (or a threat) to resign. Instead it marked the beginning of such an almost total reliance on him, especially by the United States, that Mr. Eisenhower, two weeks later, went so far as to say at a press conference: ". . . the last thing we must do is to disturb any of the delicate negotiations now going on under the leadership of Secretary-General Hammarskjöld. We must do nothing that could possibly delay his operations, impede them or hurt them in any way. And I should like to take just a moment to say what he has been doing. The man's abilities have not only been proven, but a physical stamina that is almost remarkable, almost unique in the world has also been demonstrated by a man who night after night has gone with one or two hours' sleep and working all day and, I must say, working intelligently and devotedly."

The "vacuum" Hammarskjöld was filling at this time was one that might in other days have been filled by traditional diplomacy on the part of the great powers. What he did during the first weeks of November, 1956, working practically around the clock, was, first, to produce in less than forty-eight hours an orderly legal and organizational framework for a United Nations Emergency Force, an idea that had often been discussed in general terms during the preceding ten years but never acted upon; second, to persuade a sufficient number of countries to contribute large enough contingents to give the Emergency Force a practical start in life; third, to help convince Britain and France that in these circumstances they should agree to a cease-fire; and fourth, to establish the status of UNEF vis-à-vis the government of Egypt and organize its movement to its area of operations.

THE SECRETARY-GENERAL was genuinely shocked at the British-French action after Israel started its march on the Suez Canal. In the first place, there was the agreement he thought he had achieved after bringing the foreign ministers of Britain, France, and Egypt together for the first time since Nasser nationalized the Canal in July—an agreement that, as was later brought to light, he had actually advanced a good deal further in subsequent talks with Dr. Fawzi. And apart from that, the British and French resort to military action threatened to make the organization he heads meaningless as an instrument of diplomacy.

Romantic stories about how he debated with himself during a whole sleepless night at his desk whether to resign or not are certainly unsubstantiated. In fact, even before the

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

night in which this soul searching is supposed to have taken place, he had confided to a friend that he was going to try to see the crisis through, in the belief that there might still be something he could do.

His words to the Council which some took as a threat to resign turned out to have a quite different meaning. For in one breath he managed not only to state his firm objection to the resort both to force and to the veto by Britain and France, but also to tell them that if they wanted him to go on working for them, they had better not object to his speaking his mind. Nobody did object, and Hammarskjöld then felt able to go on from there. By saying what he did, he had not just salved his conscience, he had also created a new basis for his actions. And at 5:20 in the morning of Sunday, November 4, at the end of a dramatic night meeting on Hungary in the Security Council that ended with a Soviet veto, he pointed out that what he had said about the Franco-British actions and vetoes on Suez applied to the Soviet attitude on Hungary also.

Interpreting the Council's Silence

Nobody who knows Hammarskjöld would consider him a devotee of the ultimatum. The general attitude of this cautious, reflective man is much more in line with that expressed repeatedly by his friend Danny Kaye, once honorary roving ambassador for the U.N. Children's Fund, in his film *Me and the Colonel*: "There are always two possibilities."

Paradoxically, however, Hammarskjöld's behavior since the Suez crisis would seem to indicate that as secretary-general he thrives on crises. They have, in fact, led to an extension of his powers that otherwise would have been highly improbable.

From the position of a civil servant carrying out orders, he has more and more taken the role of an official operating under a kind of parliamentary responsibility. The reason for this unforeseen change also emerged during the Suez period. It is questionable whether the complex operation that finally led to Israel's evacuation of Gaza and Sharm el-Sheik could have been carried out within the U.N. framework otherwise. After the Assembly had failed to agree on a decision that fulfilled the double function of satisfying both the majority and Israel, a strange makeshift system was evolved. As secretary-general, Hammarskjöld took it upon himself to deliver interpretations of his own which were allowed to stand unchallenged and which he therefore took to be tacitly accepted.

This lay behind Hammarskjöld's statement on the occasion of his re-election that he did not believe that the member states should ask him to act in cases where neither the Charter nor decisions by the Assembly or the Security Council offered him guidance. Specific instructions or requests from the Council or Assembly would always be law for him. But there was a note of polite rebellion in his remark that without such guidance he should not be given the responsibility of

acting. This did not mean that he might not decide to act on his own, whenever he thought it necessary to help fill a "vacuum" created by failure of other principal organs of the U.N. to act. The implication was that he would much prefer to be properly instructed. But if not, it would be contrary to the duties of his office for him to remain passive, because after all he is also one of the "organs" of the U.N.

This new approach of his emerged in its clearest fashion after the recent veto of Japan's proposal on Lebanon, when Hammarskjöld ended a statement of his intentions with these words, somewhat reminiscent of his peroration at the time of the Suez vetoes: "Were you to disapprove of the way these intentions were to be translated by me into practical steps, I would, of course, accept the consequences of your judgment."

Again Hammarskjöld had spoken in a way that invited either tacit approval (which is what he got) or open disapproval (the "consequences" of which would have been, at least, that he would have had to abandon the line of action he had indicated).

Living Dangerously

Clearly, Hammarskjöld is living more dangerously now that he has embarked on the course of increasingly "writing his own ticket." He is acting politically on his own, falling back on public interpretations of his authority under the Charter, and on earlier decisions, or earlier uncontradicted statements of his own instead of awaiting the bidding of the General Assembly or the Security Council. Thus, at every turn, he becomes more and more exposed to criticism and to setbacks, and he must choose his openings with care. Long before his present technique became apparent, he once said that a guiding principle for him as secretary-general was "never to take a backward step." He considered it wiser not to take any action until he felt sure of holding the new ground. If it were once demonstrated that he could be forced back, there would be no end to the attempts to force him. This situation is of course in no way changed by his new departures.

Timing thus becomes the essential element in any independent moves of his. In the case of Lebanon, there were two apparent reasons why he could risk the rather startling announcement that in spite of the Russian veto he planned to go ahead anyway in exactly the way the Japanese resolution would have had him do. One was that the Soviet delegate, before vetoing the proposal, had attempted to amend it by restoring a provision the Japanese had originally included in their text but later eliminated, to the effect that the secretary-general should "continue to develop" the U.N. observation group in Lebanon. Hammarskjöld was thus able to base his announced decision to strengthen the observation group on a statement that its continued operation was "acceptable to *all* members of the Council."

Secondly, only three days earlier,

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Khrushchev had rather ostentatiously invited the secretary-general to participate in the summit meeting then proposed by the Soviet Union. In this, Khrushchev went further than any power had ever done previously in according to the U.N. secretary-general an independent diplomatic role. It was not a likely moment for Moscow to challenge Hammarskjöld.

THERE HAVE been such challenges earlier. Two came at various stages of the Hungary debate in the General Assembly last year: the first when Vasily V. Kuznetsov reproached Hammarskjöld for having overstepped his functions in suggesting the possibility of creating a special investigating committee, the second when Sobolev complained that Hammarskjöld had tacitly played a part in western propaganda by the way in which he had allowed the secretariat to distribute the report of the committee. In both cases, Hammarskjöld stood firm without apparent ill effects.

More serious was an incident last spring, when Sobolev, speaking for the Soviet Union in the Security Council, said that a statement by Hammarskjöld "did not contribute to strengthening the authority of the secretary-general of the United Nations, but rather to the contrary." The occasion was an intervention by Hammarskjöld a few days earlier in which he had welcomed an American proposal about international inspection against air attack in the Arctic area as a chance to break the stalemate in the disarmament debate. Hammarskjöld was careful to balance his words against previous praise of the Soviet decision to suspend nuclear tests, and also to explain that in both cases he had spoken out of a feeling that the way to begin is to begin rather than in order to take sides. Even so, Sobolev flatly accused him of "praising the American propaganda maneuver," and the criticism was followed up in *Pravda*.

If Hammarskjöld had entertained any hope that his remarks might soften the attitude of the Soviet Union, he plainly failed. Not only did Sobolev go through with his veto of the American proposal, but he could hardly have used harsher terms than he did in explaining why. In these circumstances, it was clear that he could not let Hammarskjöld's words pass without comment. But in a curious way it soon became obvious that neither his criticism nor the *Pravda* attack meant a vote of no confidence in the secretary-general. Mr. Sobolev lost no time in extending a social invitation to Hammarskjöld. And after a while, *Pravda* published the text of a message sent by the secretary-general to Premier Khrushchev expressing thanks for his reception in Moscow a month earlier. This routine note had been received in Moscow weeks before, and there could be no special reason for publishing it at that late date except to demonstrate that all was well.

WHILE PUBLIC CRITICISM of Hammarskjöld has been virtually nonexistent from other official quarters so far, his increasing tendency to take political stands, or at least stands that can be construed as political, no doubt heightens the risk of frictions and conflicts behind the scenes. He subjects himself and his office to two main dangers, although neither of them has so far become apparent. One is that no matter how conscientiously he is determined to handle all questions on their merits, there may develop an unconscious temptation to "balance the score," to offset a stand unwelcome to one side in our polarized world by one equally unwelcome to the other. The other risk that comes to mind lies in the fact that the secretary-general is, by the very nature of his office, a lonely man in spite of his innumerable and unique contacts in all directions. No matter how able his advisers and collaborators may be, they are all drawn from *some* camp.

The secretary-general's isolation is both inevitable and to a degree desirable since it is only at Hammarskjöld's own desk that there would be any meaning in the sign former President Truman kept at his: "The buck stops here." But in making himself increasingly an independent political force—without divisions, like the Pope, it is true, but, again like the Pope, not without influence—the secretary-general has for the most part to be his own devil's advocate. In basing his actions to a not inconsiderable extent on the "unless challenged" formula instead of on a specific mandate from the main U.N. bodies in his operations, Hammarskjöld may have created a semblance of parliamentary responsibility for himself—but with a difference. He has no party behind him. He is on his own. And even for a very gifted man, that is a tall order.

'Let Dag Do It'

Throughout the Security Council debates on Lebanon in July, it was noticeable that Hammarskjöld played a much more active role in public than he had ever done previously. The normal thing until then had been for the secretary-general to speak only rarely in the Council, and never before the vote, unless to impart information. Now there were meetings in which he intervened two and three times, and frequently to make a political point. The man who had become identified with the concept of "quiet diplomacy" was not so quiet any more.

When the General Assembly was called into a special emergency session on the Middle East after the summit-meeting idea had been shelved, Hammarskjöld continued this not-so-quiet line. The situation was undeniably chaotic. The Soviet Union asked the Security Council to meet for the purpose of calling the Assembly into session to discuss withdrawal of American and British troops. But on the Council table there was already an American proposal, with technical priority over that of the Russians, to call the Assembly for a diametrically different purpose. What *was* to be the purpose of calling the Assembly into session? Was it called to consider "indirect aggression" in the Middle East, as the United States intended? Or "open aggression" by the United States in Lebanon and Britain in Jordan, as held by the Soviet Union?

THIS WAS the situation in which Hammarskjöld intervened boldly by taking the floor as soon as the Assembly session began. He kept within technical bounds by offering the Assembly a catalogue of the problems that needed to be considered in order to ensure peace and stability in the Middle East. But the way he defined the needs left little

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

doubt about what he thought the answers should be. He plainly wanted to give the Assembly something else to talk about than "aggression" and "indirect aggression."

He appeared to believe that he owed it to his position as the only one who could bring such questions to the fore without doing it ex parte: non-aggression assurances, economic co-operation among the Arab states with U.N. support, methods to strengthen the U.N. presence in Jordan as well as in Lebanon on the assumption that the presence of British and American troops was a temporary factor. And no one studying the long lists of his daily appointments during the following days, before the Assembly debate opened in earnest with President Eisenhower's address, could escape the impression that the secretary-general had indeed become quite a politician. In the course of a few days, he had talks with more than half of the chief delegates of the eighty-one-nation Assembly. For the first time, he was obviously lobbying for a plan of his own.

If we are to believe James Reston of the New York *Times*, the ideas in Mr. Eisenhower's speech "were very largely the product of . . . Hammarskjöld's fertile mind. . ." Whether this is so or not, Hammarskjöld clearly thought that the ideas he had evolved in long and intimate contact with all the statesmen in the Middle East would stand a better chance of being considered on their merits if he were to develop them himself. He certainly did not say "Let Dag do it." But the Assembly was not many days old before half a dozen resolutions were being drafted on that theme—topped, surprisingly, by one from the Arabs themselves, suddenly working in unity. « »

Moscow, Peking, And Arab Nationalism

ISAAC DEUTSCHER

THE EVENTS of this summer have brought to light, with somewhat artificial sharpness, the fact that Soviet foreign policy is no longer made in Moscow alone, that Peking plays an essential part in formulating it, and that Mao Tse-tung may have a decisive say at crucial moments. For some time past this had been obvious to close students of Russo-Chinese relations, but since the conference that Khrushchev and Mao held in Peking from July 31 to August 3, it has become not only generally accepted but frequently overstated.

The circumstances of the Mao-Khrushchev meeting were indeed unusual. This was the first time that the Soviet leader had gone to China as premier. He undertook the visit at a moment of particularly intense diplomatic activity, interrupting for a while his copious correspondence with western statesmen about the summit meeting, which had been so long delayed and which allegedly brooked no delay.

For three full days he and Mao, with their ministers of defense and advisers, deliberated behind closed doors. They had important issues to thrash out and differences to settle; and when Khrushchev emerged from the council chamber he announced that for the time being he would have no East-West summit meeting. It looked, in effect, as if that meeting had been replaced by a summit conference of the two Communist powers.

What were the issues discussed in Peking? The official communiqué mentioned summit diplomacy, the crisis in the Middle East, and the "danger of revisionism." These are interconnected topics, involving the Soviet and the Chinese approach to all the major issues of war and peace. It had been known at least since the conference of the Communist Parties held in Moscow last November that on two of these points, summit diplomacy and revisionism, Mao's views were not exactly the same as Khrushchev's. Already in November Mao surprised some of his European comrades by his ironic references to Khrushchev's summit diplomacy.

Chinese Hard Facts

Mao's line of reasoning, as far as it can be reconstructed, was approximately as follows:

It is foolish and dangerous, he argued, to stake too much on any genuine relaxation of tension between East and West. No amount of summit meetings can achieve it. Hostility and tension between Communism and capitalism are bound to persist. "Coexistence" and "peaceful competition" between the two systems means virtually the continuation of cold war, in one form or another. The idea that it may be possible by some act of wise statesmanship to put an end to the cold war is "pure revisionism," as unrealistic as would be the belief that it is possible to put an end to the class struggle at large.

If Stalin's successors, whether Malenkov or Khrushchev, had any illusions about the possibility of a real *détente,* Mao further intimated, Washington's attitude should have opened their eyes: "The leaders of American capitalism have had no use for any summit diplomacy or *détente.*" To the extent that Khrushchev at the Twentieth Soviet Communist Party Congress in 1956 had fostered such illusions, he bore some responsibility for the spread of revisionism and for Tito's behavior. Tito's ambition to keep Yugoslavia "outside the two power blocs" was being dictated primarily by his belief in an eventual accommodation between the power blocs. To some extent, therefore, Mao held that Molotov's criticisms of Khrushchev's diplomacy were justified.

It did not follow, however, according to Mao, that Communist diplomacy and propaganda should

(World copyright reserved by Isaac Deutscher)

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

remain as rigid as they were under Molotov. They should display far greater initiative in placing the odium for the cold war on the West, in deriving from every situation as much profit for the Soviet bloc as possible, and in preventing the cold war from turning hot. But fear of war should not be, as it tended to become, the dominant motive of Soviet and Communist policy. Soviet diplomacy, like its American counterpart, must not be afraid of going to the brink of war, if need be. Communist morale must not be allowed to soften, relax, or fall into pacifist daydreaming—it must be shaken up and hardened by means of an all-out attack on revisionism.

KHRUSHCHEV has tried to take up a center position between Mao and the "revisionists" and to patch up the differences. Last fall and during the subsequent months, partly under the pressure of events and partly as a result of complex developments in Soviet domestic policy that caused Khrushchev to fear a line-up between Mao and the Russian Stalinists or neo-Stalinists, he accepted Mao's demand for an open attack on the revisionists. The new conflict with Yugoslavia and Nagy's execution followed. At this price Khrushchev still hoped to save his summit diplomacy. He had been encouraged in this hope by President Eisenhower's apparent agreement, expressed in January, to hold a summit conference. As the months passed without bringing the summit meeting any nearer, Khrushchev's position became more and more embarrassing; and there was increasing pressure on him to abandon summit diplomacy and all that it implied.

He was, it seems, on the point of abandoning it when the Americans landed in Lebanon and the British in Jordan. For a few days there was genuine alarm in Moscow. Khrushchev and his advisers viewed the landings as operations designed to obtain bridgeheads for an immediate western attack on Iraq and possibly on the United Arab Republic.

In this situation Khrushchev resolved to do two things at once: to go to the brink of war and to make a dramatic effort to save his summit diplomacy. On July 19, he proposed an urgent summit meeting to be held at three days' notice; and he accompanied the proposal by the announcement that important Soviet military maneuvers were opening on the U.S.S.R.'s Middle Eastern frontiers and by the statement that "the guns are already beginning to fire."

His dual purpose was to "deter" a British-American attack on Iraq and on the United Arab Republic and to use the acute crisis for inducing the western powers to consider at last, at a summit conference, his schemes for "neutralization" of the

Middle East and partial disarmament. He apparently succeeded in his first purpose (or so at least it is thought in Moscow) and failed in the second. The British and the Americans committed themselves to refrain from hostilities against the new régime in Iraq and the U.A.R.; but they still refused to hold a summit conference on Khrushchev's terms. This was the final failure of his summit diplomacy; but he could use the apparent or real success of his "deterrents" to veil the failure.

Khrushchev Along the Brink

The Middle Eastern crisis, however, had also revealed something like a crisis in Soviet-Chinese relations. When in July Khrushchev himself went to the brink, it seemed for a moment that the Chinese were either not aware where the brink was or that they were pushing him to go beyond it. Even outsiders could see how much in those critical days Moscow and Peking were at cross purposes.

There was a striking discrepancy between the anti-western demonstrations in Moscow and those in Peking. In Moscow, the demonstrations were a relatively minor, though significant, incident. In Peking, they were played up and made into a great national event. Though perhaps a hundred thousand Russians came to shout "Hands off the Lebanon and Jordan!" in front of the British and American embassies, no leading political personality addressed the demonstrators. In Peking over a million people were marched out, and gigantic meetings were reported from all over the country. Top party leaders and Arab envoys addressed the crowds in Peking and the language they used was far more vehement than anything that was being said in Moscow. The cry for an early liberation of Formosa went up again. While the Russians dwelt anxiously on the "catastrophic" consequences of western policy, the Chinese premier said in interviews that the western intervention in the Middle East had served a good purpose because it had let loose a wave of anti-imperialist emotion throughout the world.

IT WAS THE revelation of this discrepancy between Moscow's and Peking's reactions to the events in the Middle East that sent a gravely disturbed Khrushchev on his journey to China. Having gone to the brink, the Soviet premier evidently felt disconcerted by the noisy Chinese backseat driving. He knew that on some future occasion he might have to go to the brink once again; and he was afraid of having to do so while exposed to dangerous prodding by his Chinese allies. There was, in short, an urgent need for a co-ordination of Moscow's and Peking's policies and reactions.

During the three days of Mao's and Khrushchev's conference there were hard bargaining and mutual concessions. It was not that Mao simply dictated policy to Khrushchev; he had to give as much as he took. While Khrushchev called off the planned summit meeting over the Middle East, Mao acknowledged publicly the merits of summit diplomacy at large and recognized beforehand that Khrushchev would act correctly if he sought another summit meeting on some future occasion. In their joint communiqué, the accents of bellicosity and the emphasis on peaceful Russo-Chinese intentions were finely balanced in such a way as to reconcile the conflicting moods and attitudes. Even on the subsidiary point of revisionism, the Chinese did

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not have it all their way: revisionism was defined as "the chief danger within the Communist movement." In other words, Titoism was recognized as a current *within* Communism and not, as the Chinese had tended to treat it, as an external force hostile to Communism. During his three days in Peking, Khrushchev made his "ideological" adjustments to Mao, but at the same time he gave Mao an emphatic "lesson in statesmanship."

The outcome of the conference was therefore a token of co-ordination and compromise, which is not, however, likely to prove very stable. The patchwork of official formulas has not removed the underlying conflict of attitudes and moods. And in addition to the old divergencies, a new dissension between Moscow and Peking appears to be developing over Communist policy toward Arab nationalism.

A Couple of Premises

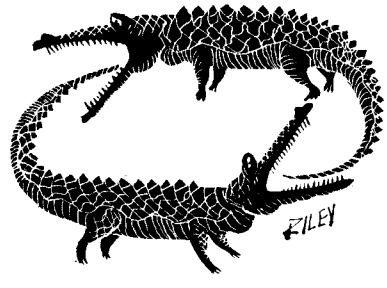
Khrushchev's diplomacy has been committed to the support of Arab nationalism and of Nasser as its chief exponent. Moscow has reaffirmed this commitment by recognizing, with almost no delay, Iraq's republican régime, and taking it for granted that this régime represents a local variety of Nasserism. This does not mean, however, that the Soviet attitude toward Arab nationalism is as unequivocal and free from mental reservations as it appears to be, or that it is completely shared by the Chinese. To understand that attitude properly, a few of its so-called ideological premises have to be briefly examined.

The main premise is that the present ferment in the Middle East represents a phase of a "bourgeois revolution" in the course of which most of the Arab peoples are bound to achieve unity and to constitute themselves into a single nation-state. From this point of view, the present constellation of Arab states is seen as an anachronism kept in being by feudal survivals of a tribal past, the interests of a few corrupt princelings, and western imperialist influences. At last, so the argument runs, the Arab peoples are surmounting the divisions by which they have been split, becoming conscious of their essential unity.

This "bourgeois revolution" promises to put a definite end to western predominance in the Middle East and ultimately to abolish the spurious sovereignties of the petty Arab states, artificially fostered by the West after the First World War, and to substitute for them a sovereign Pan-Arab Republic—in the same way in which a century earlier the Germans or the Italians in their striving for national integration abolished their numerous "independent" principalities.

IN THE LIGHT of this conception, the federation of Egypt and Syria was merely the beginning of a far wider upheaval that is engulfing Iraq and is bound to engulf other Arab states and merge them into one political entity. From this viewpoint, too, the western commitments to preserve the separate sovereignties of the existing Arab states are legalistic excuses for counter-revolutionary intervention, to which the Soviet and Chinese reply is obvious.

What makes the situation awkward for Moscow and Peking is the fact that bourgeois leaders are really at the head of this bourgeois revolution. True, Nasser, Kassem, and their friends do not represent directly the Arab bourgeoisie, which is too weak and too poor in political tradition to be able to exercise effective leadership. They represent the young Arab officers' corps; but in the eyes of the Communists, they are never-



theless spokesmen of the middle class rather than of the toiling masses. Their role is comparable to that played by the Young Turks and Kemal Pasha in liquidating the Ottoman Empire and establishing a republic. Their role resembles even more closely the part that Chiang Kai-shek played in the early stages of his career, when at the head of the Kuomintang he led the movement for China's unification and independence. Khrushchev supports Nasser as Lenin supported Kemal Pasha in the early 1920's and as Stalin backed Chiang Kai-shek in 1924-1927 and, intermittently, even later.

These analogies point to the difficult problem that Arab nationalism presents to Moscow and Peking: can Communists trust the bourgeois leaders of this national revolution? Khrushchev's association with Nasser has been a relatively cautious and cool affair compared with the "warm friendship" that bound Stalin and Chiang Kai-shek at a time when Chiang was an honorary member of the executive of the Third International. Yet it did not take a long time for that friendship to give way to hostility and for Chiang to grow increasingly conservative and turn toward the West. "Is Nasser going to go Chiang's way?" This, we may be sure, is the question that Khrushchev has had to discuss more than once with his colleagues in the Presidium of the Soviet Communist Party.

Which Way Nasser?

If Nasser were to follow in Chiang's footsteps, then, of course, a Pan-Arabia united under his leadership would become an embarrassing neighbor or even a potential enemy for the Soviet Union. Hence the slight but distinct undertone of reserve behind all of Khrushchev's cordialities toward Nasser. Early this summer, during Nasser's first visit in Moscow, the Soviet leaders refrained from endorsing unduly aggressive expressions of Nasserite hostility toward Israel, and the Egyptian repercussions of the visit were not altogether pleasing to Moscow. It looked as if Nasser were becoming anxious to keep his distance from the Soviet bloc. Moscow then watched Nasser's next move uneasily: the visit he paid Marshal Tito precisely at a moment when relations between Russia and Yugoslavia had become tense. Was Nasser perhaps beginning to go Chiang Kai-shek's way?

But unlike Chiang Kai-shek, Nasser does not have to contend with a strong and dynamic Communist movement in his country. The emergence of such a movement would undoubtedly disturb the present relationship between the U.S.S.R. and

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Arab bourgeois nationalism. Its absence allows their close co-operation to continue, especially since Khrushchev is not prepared to compromise his diplomatic game in the Middle East for the sake of a "mere handful" of Communists whom Nasser keeps in jail.

Further, Russia's bargaining position vis-à-vis the Arabs is far stronger than it ever was vis-à-vis Kuomintang China. Thirty or even twenty years ago, there was little that Stalin could do to tie China to Russia economically. Russia was then still underdeveloped industrially, unable to make its weight felt in foreign markets, and laboring under a desperate shortage of technicians, engineers, and skilled workers. All this has changed radically.

This year more than half of the foreign trade of the United Arab Republic is with the Soviet bloc. Russia offers Egyptian cotton growers a steady and expanding market. Soviet technicians contribute to many important development schemes in the Middle East, schemes put into operation with the help of Soviet credits granted at extremely low interest rates. And many young Arabs obtain scientific and industrial training in Soviet universities and factories. It is not easy to cut or loosen such ties.

Another important factor is western policy, which, with its record of colonialism, its shortsightedness, and its backing of the most unpopular elements in the Arab countries, seems to be tailor-made to drive Arab nationalism into the Soviet orbit. Just when Nasser was half-defying Moscow and was closeted with Tito, the American and British landings in the Middle East sent him rushing back to Moscow—in a plane borrowed from Tito—in order to seek reassurance there.

But even if Nasser is not going Chiang's way, the concord between Moscow and Cairo remains somewhat superficial, and it may become disturbed as a result of the divergencies between the Soviet and the Chinese attitudes toward Arab nationalism. Khrushchev and his colleagues are compelled to weigh their commitments toward the Arabs against the diplomatic and military risks to which these commitments may expose them. Mao Tse-tung, who has little diplomatic contact with the West, is less inclined to strike any cautious balance between "ideology" and diplomacy.

Looking for an Arab Mao

The Chinese attitude toward Pan-Arab aspirations seems to differ from the Russian in two important respects:

The Chinese are more willing than the Russians to go all the way in backing the Arab striving for unification. They themselves have only recently achieved the unity and centralization of China, and naturally they view the Arab world through the prism of their own experience. The Russians, on the other hand, are more aware of the centrifugal forces in the Arab world and of the fact that the various small Arab states, however artificial their origins, have acquired legal and political identities of their own, which cannot be abolished or merged without provoking the gravest international crisis and possibly even world war.

The Chinese leaders, or at least some of them, also seem to be critical of the manner in which their Russian comrades treat Nasser. Even if Moscow must deal with Nasser and his like, the Chinese would prefer it to give more encouragement to the Arab Communists so that some day an Arab Mao might emerge to take over from the bourgeois nationalists.

Moscow, however, appears to take it for granted that Communism is, and will in the near future remain, a negligible factor in Middle Eastern politics. On the face of it, Mao has, of course, accepted the "Soviet leadership" of the Communist camp; and this obliges him outwardly to follow the Soviet line.

These divergencies and latent strains, however important in themselves and as pointers to the future, need not prevent the Soviet leaders from maintaining their alliance with the Arab nationalists in its present form for some time yet and deriving from it the maximum of immediate advantage.

An Interim Report On de Gaulle's Diplomacy

EDMOND TAYLOR

Paris

In one of Premier de Gaulle's letters to Premier Khrushchev during their epistolary debate on the summit meeting, the general scoffed at Mr. Khrushchev's comparison between the Anglo-American military intervention in Jordan and Lebanon and Hitler's invasion of Poland. He added one short sentence between parentheses: "(Hitler, alas, was not alone.)"

It is reported that some of his diplomatic advisers tactfully pointed out to the general, who according to his usual practice wrote out the first draft of the letters in longhand, then polished the text with the painstaking care of the master stylist, that the parenthesis is not normally used in diplomatic correspondence.

"Then I am innovating," de Gaulle is said to have replied.

The general's inclination to innovate in foreign policy has been evident ever since he came to power last June. Like the general's classic prose, the new Gaullist diplomacy is a complex mixture of the modern and the archaic. It is characterized by the general's old-fashioned nationalism and an obsessive concern with French prestige—his enthrallment with the "comedy of grandeur," as one left-wing French critic put it. It also betrays the general's evident coolness to the United Nations and his taste for diplomacy conducted by professionals sheltered from publicity.

But this classic approach to diplomacy did not prevent de Gaulle from giving his colleagues in London and

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Washington a lesson in constructive statesmanship during the summit negotiations. It is now widely conceded that a prepared summit conference on the Middle East, conducted in the atmosphere of "objectivity and serenity" that de Gaulle had recommended, would perhaps have been better than what we finally got.

"In foreign policy," a French friend recently remarked to me, "de Gaulle marks a return from brinkmanship to the sober diplomacy of Talleyrand and Metternich."

In one respect, of course, Secretary of State John Foster Dulles might be able to put forward a stronger claim to the spiritual heritage of Metternich. General de Gaulle has never felt much enthusiasm for the Dulles version of a modern Holy Alliance against Communism. His goal seems rather to be a twentieth-century version of the Concert of Europe broadened to include both the United States and the Soviet Union.

'Our' Continent

General de Gaulle's letters to Mr. Khrushchev are peppered with veiled allusions to this concert of the Occident and with indirect appeals to the enlightened self-interest of the Soviet leaders to participate in it rather than pursue their self-defeating intrigues against western interests. The general never ceases to remind them that they are westerners. He speaks of "Russia" and the "Russian people" instead of the Soviet Union and the Soviet peoples. He expresses his willingness to hold the proposed summit conference in Geneva or in any other city of "our" continent. Announcing the French intention to consult with other European states about the Middle Eastern problem, the general reminds his Soviet colleagues of the underlying significance of these consultations: "For Russia, like France, knows that the destiny of the Middle East involves, in a direct way, the destiny of all Europe."

To many students of Soviet policy, the assumption that the rulers of the Kremlin share de Gaulle's concern for Europe seems a romantic dream. But some French observers think that among the elite of the Soviet Union there may be the first stirrings of uneasiness over the Kremlin's role in fanning the nationalist fanaticism of the Afro-Asian masses. For this and other reasons, they believe that if the kind of summit conference proposed by de Gaulle had taken place, Khrushchev might have been

prepared to go a long way toward neutralizing and stabilizing the Middle East. By failing to support the proposal, these French circles charge, Washington and London have pushed Soviet Russia back into the arms of Communist China, as demonstrated by the August Peking conference.

Whether or not the return-to-Europe theme has any real appeal inside what the general likes to call "Russia," his foreign policy has an undeniable long-term attraction for the Kremlin's eastern European satellites. This is by no means the least of General de Gaulle's interests. Hence the reminder that "Hitler, alas, was not alone," addressed not only to Moscow but also to Warsaw, Prague, Bucharest, Belgrade, and even Budapest. Hence also the general's view—expressed in a talk with NATO's Secretary-General Paul-Henri Spaak and carefully leaked to the press—that it was a mistake for NATO to reject out of hand the Rapacki plan for a demilitarized zone in central Europe. Though the idea of a demilitarized or neutralized central Europe is a favorite one with European neutralists, nothing in de Gaulle's foreign policy up to now justifies the suspicions occasionally voiced in Washington and London that he is developing a neutralist or isolationist trend. On the contrary, careful study of de Gaulle's letters to Khrushchev indicates that he went out of his way to underscore France's basic solidarity on the Middle Eastern problem with Britain and the United States, even though we did not consult France before embroiling ourselves—and the whole West along with us—in military intervention.

Toward Constructive Solutions

What distinguishes French from Anglo-American—and particularly U.S.—policy toward the Communist world seems to lie in methods rather than in basic premises and ultimate aims. To de Gaulle, the war of words sharpens international tension without winning substantial victories. He attaches only slight importance to the procedural skirmishing at the United Nations or in the big international conferences that loom so large in the planning of our State Department. Though he is if anything more attached than Mr. Dulles to the territorial status quo, the general, in diplomacy as in military affairs, prefers a fluid strategy of maneuver to the legalistic trench warfare at which the Secretary of State excels. He is too sensible a man to think that negotiations can provide an overnight solution to the problems of coexistence, but he believes that it ultimately strengthens the western cause to confront the Communists with reasonable, prudently constructive solutions that they cannot reject without straining their coalition. Gaullist diplomacy has also been marked by a large-scale attempt to set in motion closer consultation within the western coalition.

"The French government means to consult its friends," pointedly remarked Louis Joxe, secretary-general of the French ministry for foreign affairs, when he arrived at Tunis in August as a special emissary of General de Gaulle.

This emphasis on consultation undoubtedly reflected the general's mortification at the failure of Washington and London to consult him before sending troops to the Middle East, and at his exclusion from the Eisenhower-Macmillan talks. More important, it also reflected his belief in the effectiveness of common European action based on diplomacy as against that based on consultation

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

via complex institutions and alphabetical agencies.

While Joxe, one of de Gaulle's most trusted foreign-policy advisers, was sounding the views of the Tunisian, Moroccan, Spanish, and Portuguese governments about the summit conference, and while other consultations were proceeding with France's ally Israel, with its traditional friends in Latin America, and with various of its NATO or OEEC partners, Maurice Couve de Murville, de Gaulle's capable foreign minister, was dispatched to Rome and Bonn. At first he was received with some suspicion. Although the Italians and the West Germans shared most of the French reservations about the Middle Eastern policies of their Anglo-American allies, they did not relish seeing France assume the role of spokesman for them in the councils of the mighty; nor did they feel that France's Algerian predicament qualified it to play a leading part in settling the problems of the Middle East, where they have important interests.

Couve de Murville, therefore, brought back nothing very tangible from his trip, but he helped clear up some misunderstandings about de Gaulle's policies and created a favorable impression—as did Joxe on his circuit—by the businesslike, modest, and understanding way he conducted his talks. Both French emissaries managed to put across the idea that de Gaulle's government sincerely wanted to harmonize its Middle Eastern policy with that of their European friends to the general benefit of the West.

These consultations have served to uncover another unsuspected—and highly encouraging—facet of de Gaulle's foreign policy. His past criticisms of the European Defense Community, of the Common Market, and of Euratom had suggested that the general was deeply hostile to the European—or at any rate to the "Little European"—idea. But though still cool to the institutional approach toward European unity, de Gaulle has shown more willingness to consult with the other west European governments on vital issues of national policy than have most of his predecessors.

So far, the most tangible results achieved by de Gaulle's efforts to innovate in foreign policy have been in North Africa. Going far beyond the timid concessions that brought down the Gaillard cabinet last April and thus ushered in the constitutional crisis of May, General de Gaulle has succeeded in negotiating a *modus vivendi* with President Habib Bourguiba that has at least for the present returned that mercurial but essentially western-minded Arab statesman to the French fold and driven a wedge between him and the extremists of the Algerian F.L.N. With the help of Bourguiba and that of his old friend King Mohammed V of Morocco, de Gaulle even hopes to split the F.L.N. itself and come to terms—if the French Army will allow him—with the more moderate faction of Algerian nationalists.

Perhaps de Gaulle underestimates the revolutionary dynamic of the pan-Arab movement; perhaps his concessions to moderate North African nationalism are too little and too late. Above all, the foreign policy of General de Gaulle is largely dependent on the settlement of France's domestic affairs. But certainly his diplomatic record during the brief period since his access to power shows a greater restraint and imagination than many of its critics are willing to admit.

Harold Macmillan Wins His Spurs

PEREGRINE WORSTHORNE

LONDON

It would almost seem as if Prime Minister Harold Macmillan, Labour Party leader Hugh Gaitskell, and indeed Parliament, press, and public, all decided to follow one very simple rule during the recent crisis in the Middle East: to do exactly the opposite of what they did over Suez. Macmillan has remained unruffled and serene throughout, in marked contrast to the agonizing hysteria of Sir Anthony Eden. Whereas the latter lived on pep-up pills throughout Suez, Macmillan has been soothing his nerves with frequent draughts of Bovril and milk—a much more John Bullish diet. Gaitskell, for his part, scrupulously avoided more than a minimal intrusion or interference with what the government was doing, in contrast to his hour-by-hour expostulations in 1956. With the notable exception of the Manchester *Guardian*, which carries more weight abroad than at home, the press also remained unusually passive, limiting its comments to a daily pat on the back for the prime minister. Apart from a desultory posse or two of Arab students, there have been no street demonstrations at all.

This unanimity did not spring from any conviction that British and U.S. policy had any clear and realizable aims. An overwhelming majority in all parties simply felt that, given an impossible situation, the prime minister deserved a break. Grounds for criticism existed and were certainly explored in and out of Parliament. But a public mood which might have made it worthwhile for the opposition to put a cutting edge to its criticism, or for the press to blow up its doubts into the thunder of denunciation, did not develop.

There can be no doubt that this was largely due to the prime minister's political skill. It did not require much skill, of course, to exploit the mentality that reacts joyously whenever the Arabs are taught a lesson. This feeling runs extremely deep throughout all classes in Britain. In addition, most people here like the spectacle of British troops embarking and disembarking and generally acting in a warlike manner. So long as no counterbalancing errors are made, any prime minister can always rely on a groundswell of old-fashioned jingoism to carry him through an operation of the Jordan kind. Eden, of course, did make gross errors. By acting without American

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

backing he inadvertently emphasized British weakness rather than British strength. By practicing diplomatic duplicity and ignoring the legal niceties he also provided his opponents with that invaluable political high explosive: moral indignation.

ADMITTEDLY Macmillan was on firmer ground than Eden. But he must be credited with having chosen that ground himself.

In his first speech after the U.S. Marines had landed, when the political mood was still entirely in the balance, Macmillan spiked the opposition guns. In fact he did better; he persuaded the opposition not to mobilize its artillery. Legally, he pointed out, the American action was watertight. This much Gaitskell was forced to admit from the start. Morally . . . well, who could think that leaving our friends in the Middle East to be butchered would have been morally justified? As for the harsh facts of power, of which Labour trade-unionists are always highly respectful, what possible cause for complaint could the British people have against a prime minister aligning his country behind the American giant in an area so clearly vital to British interests? Had not Britain been trying to do just that ever since the war? Gaitskell and Aneurin Bevan could go through the motions of disapproving—which of course they did—but when it came to the debate on the night following the Lebanon landings, they did not divide the House.

Confusion on the Left

The struggle for power within the Labour Party also played a contributory part in the decision not to divide. At the time of Suez, Gaitskell's firm faith in the Anglo-American alliance, which prompted him perhaps more than anything else to launch a frontal assault against Eden, cost him dear in terms of popular support. The full tide of anti-Americanism at that time swept him well away from his previously safe anchorage as the unchallenged leader of his party. Trade-union Socialists, who on foreign policy see more nearly eye to eye with Disraeli than any Tory since Disraeli, were particularly incensed.

Bevan, however, gained as much from Suez as Gaitskell lost. His forthright anti-Americanism stood him in good stead. It would be absurd to say that Bevan supported the Suez war. But his opposition was relatively muted in public, and in private he was thought to defend the British action. He was, in any case, far more critical of Secretary of State Dulles than of Eden, and his public image burgeoned as a result.

Gaitskell's recollection of his embarrassment at the time of Suez clearly

influenced his decisions on the night of the Lebanon debate. Here was his opportunity to get back into the John Bull act without any sacrifice of his laudable and courageous support of the American alliance. With complete consistency, he argued within the party caucus before the debate that it would be as dangerous to quarrel with America over Lebanon as it had been to quarrel with it over Suez. Bevan, with equal consistency, took the opposite view, but this time his anti-American bias proved a liability. He lost the argument, and Gaitskell's decision not to divide the House was accepted by the Parliamentary Labour Party.

THIS DECISION, however, had an unforeseen result that was to place the Labour Party in an embarrassing position. For as part of the price, reached of course behind closed doors, of persuading Bevan to go along with the decision not to divide the House over Lebanon, Gaitskell had agreed in the public debate to take up a firm position against any British intervention in Jordan. Bevan had insisted that if he was to be denied the substance of his wishes—an outright clash with the United States—he should be allowed to state all the reasons why intervention was dangerous. This he did, both in the debate itself and in the private meetings.

When, therefore, on the very next day the British did intervene in Jordan, Bevan was inextricably on record both publicly and privately against intervention. His personal prestige in the party demanded some overt satisfaction. He could not, without unacceptable loss of face, agree that another Middle East debate should go by without a division against the government. Gaitskell was faced with either giving way or forcing a major breach in the Labour Party. Reluctantly he agreed to divide the House over Jordan, laying himself open to the prime minister's devastating thrust: "May I ask this question: if it is not right to vote against America, why is it right to vote against Britain?"

Escape Through Summitry

No wonder the Socialists were only too anxious to repair this damage as soon as possible. Fortunately for them, before the echoes of this crushing parliamentary reproof had penetrated into the national consciousness, public attention was switched from Lebanon and Jordan to the summit conference. Macmillan's eager response to the Russian suggestion for an urgent heads-of-government meeting received universal acclaim—except among the officials of the Foreign Office, whose skepticism simply confirmed public approval. For the Labour Party leaders it came as a blessed relief, enabling them to shelve the substantive problem of intervention and get back into step, not only with each other but also with the country at large.

Perhaps even more important, it gave Gaitskell a welcome opportunity to share, at least for a moment, the center of the stage with the

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

prime minister. For Gaitskell had proposed the summit meeting before Khrushchev. Leaders of an opposition that has been out of office for more than six years suffer acutely from always appearing as side-line critics or back-seat drivers. It is not their fault, of course, but they are only too well aware that such a role does little to impress the electorate, particularly at moments of national crisis.

Summitry, however, is a game Gaitskell has made very much his own. Indeed, he had set the pace of the ascent. It was not surprising, therefore, that he enthusiastically arrayed his party behind the prime minister, happy to have found an issue which enabled the Labour Party, if not to speak for England, at least to echo and reinforce the voice of the man who was speaking for England.

'Greater Than Churchill'

What happened, of course, was that Macmillan, in seizing the summit initiative, had removed the one remaining breakwater to the flood of unity that naturally rises during moments of national danger. Fear and pride are the two primal reflexes governing contemporary British reactions to great international developments. By this time, no party will rally the country by playing only on the one without also satisfying the other.

At Suez, Eden gave full play to the feeling of pride. He defied the world; once again Britain stood alone, etc. But when Russia brandished the atom bomb, it was all too apparent that he had taken far too little care to allay the fear that is inevitable in a tiny, overpopulated island faced by such a challenge. This gross Conservative omission could not then be exploited by the Labour Party because its own attitude to Suez entirely ignored the element of pride. Any support Labour as a whole gained by heeding British fears was dissipated by what seemed to many Gaitskell's humiliating unwillingness to stand up to the Arabs.

This time, however, Macmillan took the precaution of fulfilling both conditions. Intervention and the summit made a perfect combination. In realizing this and fully exploiting it, the prime minister was well ahead of many of his backbenchers. His eagerness for the summit was as reassuring to British fears as the prompt dispatch of troops to Jordan —with none of the delay that marred the Suez move—had been uplifting to British pride. Furthermore, reports in the press that the Americans had been compelled to agree to the summit idea turned what might otherwise have been seen by the Tory die-hards as appeasement into a bold British initiative.

Those who distrust the summit idea as much as Dulles and who despise the United Nations as an alien talking shop were consoled by the thought that even if the initiative led in the wrong direction, it at least put Britain in the lead. The Tory press enthusiastically played up this theme. It was widely predicted that because President Eisenhower was a sick man it would be the British prime minister who would grapple alone with the Red

dragon. "Greater than Churchill," shouted one Tory headline; and Labour, too, unwilling to carp at so popular a leader, who in any case had adopted their policy on the summit, could not forbear a qualified cheer.

The *New Statesman,* normally the chief scourge of the Tories, went so far as to write: "As in 1878, when Disraeli bargained about another Middle East dispute, British interests and even perhaps the chances of world peace have, ironically, become identified with the personal fortunes of a Tory premier." Coming from such a source, this was tantamount to saying that the Labour Party believes that Prime Minister Harold Macmillan is the best hope for Britain today.

THE WITHDRAWAL of British troops without any form of United Nations action would, of course, provide the opposition with good ground for an effective comeback. But the General Assembly debate has made this kind of clear-cut debacle highly unlikely. It is becoming clearer and clearer that the Jordan problem is far more complex than the opposition originally realized.

If it were simply a question of British intervention to buttress an unpopular régime, Gaitskell could reasonably expect the Labour Party's opposition to be proved justified. For nobody imagines that King Hussein will retain power for long. But the problem is now seen in a quite different light: how to prevent the disintegration of Jordan from starting a Middle East war that might involve the great powers. Increased recognition of this problem by great-power representatives in New York makes it exceedingly difficult for the opposition to portray Macmillan as being interested solely in maintaining an unpopular king on the throne. Moreover, even as late as August 11 Khrushchev saw fit to write Macmillan about the desirability of an eventual great-power conference.

For the time being Macmillan seems to enjoy strong popular support. For the first time since he became prime minister, public-opinion polls put the Conservatives ahead of the Labour Party—a remarkable achievement after six years of Conservative rule. In addition, Gaitskell entirely failed to impress himself on public opinion as an alternative leader.

IT IS DIFFICULT for heroes of true heroic stature to emerge in the British political system. The cut and thrust of debate in the Commons, vigorous comment in the press, and a mature, skeptical public opinion disinclined to hero worship all combine to make it difficult for a single politician to build himself up into an undisputed national leader. But on the rare occasions when a prime minister does emerge as unquestionably pre-eminent among his fellow politicians, just because it is so rare an achievement nobody quite knows how to cut him down to size. An outstanding prime minister, once he has won that position, can expect to enjoy far more secure and protracted pre-eminence.

It seems to me that Harold Macmillan may have won himself such a position.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Southern County Waits for the School Bell

WILLIAM H. HESSLER

WARS SOMETIMES hurt the indifferent, neutralist people of a buffer zone—close up to the frontier—more than the deeply committed partisans of the back country. Arlington County, Virginia, is such a frontier zone. In the 1860's it was dotted with Union forts for the defense of Washington. This month it may be dotted with closed schools for the defense of Virginia. Arlington now, as almost a century ago, is a pawn in a vast struggle between the national power and the defiant South. Its schools open on September 4, under specific Federal court orders to integrate, but also under state laws forbidding or penalizing integration.

Yet Arlington is in no way typical of the South in matters of segregation, and its own problem is intrinsically trifling. Almost as much Northern as Southern in population and mores, with a Negro minority of only five per cent, it was ready and able to solve its own desegregation problem in conformity with the Supreme Court's 1954 decisions, and without upsetting anybody very much. It would have done so in 1956 and 1957, if left alone. But it was not left alone. It was drawn into a struggle not of its own making, a battle between the U.S. Supreme Court and the Byrd Democratic machine—two organizations equally known for their patience, their firmness, and their dislike for compromise on principles.

Arlington County—with twenty-four square miles and 160,000 people—was changed in fifteen years from a small town and rural hinterland into a wholly built-up middle-class suburb of the nation's capital. It has been filled up by the spill-over of armed-forces personnel and middle- to upper-rank civil servants. These people come from all the states of the Union and now outnumber the old residents—the authentic Virginians. There are not many dedicated liberals here. This is the conservative, educated, civilized middle class such as one finds in the better residential tracts of suburbia almost anywhere in America.

Traditionalists in Mobile and Atlanta and earnest liberals in New

York and Cleveland may find it hard to believe, but to most people in Arlington, desegregation is not an issue of principle. It is a nuisance. What they want is a good school system for their children. And they have created one, at great expense. Mostly, they are willing to have some integration, if that is what the Federal courts say must be. Or they will settle happily for continued segregation, if the State of Virginia is allowed to call the tune. If they have a policy for this crisis, it is to keep their heads down until the firing stops.

The neutralism of the area was apparent in the local indifference to integration of Catholic schools. Oblivious to local sentiment or Virginia policy but fully aware of the Federal judiciary, the Catholic Church promptly integrated its parochial schools in Arlington not long after the 1954 decisions. This action has brought no public criticism or tensions, no disorders, no withdrawal of pupils.

AIMs and ABCs

Until the end of the Second World War, Arlington's schools were inadequate and inferior. After the great migration, however, political power in local matters had shifted from the old residents to the new majority made up of government employees (more than half the employed persons of the county) and other newcomers. These are well paid and educated. They wanted good public schools for their children, which they raise in goodly numbers. Challenging the old leadership—the Arlington Independent Movement, or AIM—the newcomers formed ranks as ABC, Arlingtonians for a Better County. AIM and ABC are the local political parties. In 1946, ABC wrung from the Virginia legislature the right to an elective school board, in place of one appointed by the county's governing body, which then was still dominated by the old AIM faction.

The new elected school board was dominated by well-educated, liberal-minded professional men and high-ranking civil servants. In less than a decade, with this sort of leadership, the people of Arlington approved $24 million of school bonds. Adding to this $8 million of Federal funds, they built fine new schools for whites and Negroes alike. They brought teachers' salaries up from an average of $3,087 in 1947 to $5,365 in 1958. The school budget rose in ten years from $2,265,000 to $11,536,000, while school population rose from 12,000 to nearly 24,000.

Modern pupil-guidance services were introduced. Salaries of Negro teachers were brought up level with whites'. Old and long-neglected Negro schools were fully modernized. The rapid expansion of expenditure for education brought extensive criticism from old residents and from downstate. But despite this sniper fire, often aimed at sex education and "progressivism," the new leaders managed to build a remarkably good school system. Arlington's Washington-Lee was one of the thirty-eight best high schools in the U.S., as rated by a noted Illinois educator

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for *Time* in 1957. In the Westinghouse Science Talent Search, Washington-Lee had more pupils qualify as finalists than any other secondary school except two technical ones.

With its schools under intelligent leadership, and with its Negro families so compactly clustered around their own schools that few shifts would be involved in compliance with desegregation orders, Arlington saw nothing formidable about the problem posed by the 1954 decisions. But the superintendent and the school board watched Richmond for their cues. These emerged from the deliberations of the Gray Commission in 1955.

It recommended several stratagems to avoid wholesale integration in Virginia's schools but did not flatly forbid or preclude all integration. It proposed laws to close (and later reopen) any school integrated, to provide tuition allotments to parents for private schooling when their children's public schools were closed because of integration, and to withhold state funds from schools allowing desegregation. As the Gray Commission spelled it out, Virginia's policy was defiance with a loophole. The underlying philosophy was not outright opposition to integration but a series of flexible devices to make sure that no white child in Virginia would *have* to go to an integrated school. These proposals were approved 2 to 1 by the voters of the state on January 9, 1956. Significantly, Arlington County showed a majority against them.

Just five days later, having read its cues, the Arlington school board announced a policy and program. This was designed to comply with the Supreme Court's decision and yet toe the mark set by the Virginia voters. It projected integration in certain elementary schools eight months later, in September of 1956. It provided for pupil assignment mainly on a geographical basis, which would keep almost all Negroes in existing Negro schools but also provided for reassignment of white children if parents objected to their attending integrated schools. Some junior high schools were to be integrated in the fall of 1957, and some senior high schools were to be integrated a year later.

That was the plan. It seemed to meet the specifications of the Federal courts. Yet its initial effect was only to put forty-eight Negro children into twelve existing white schools (in a school population then of 22,000). It conformed to Virginia law by not requiring any white child to attend an integrated school if his parents objected. It all looked easy.

The Awakening of Harry Byrd

At this point, however, a man named Harry Flood Byrd suddenly roused himself and discovered with horror that a law built on the Gray Commission's recommendations did allow some integration. That, he said in effect, must never be. Virginia must defend the Southern way of life on every rampart, not just some. It must set the example for "massive resistance." That was the then Governor Thomas B. Stanley's notion too. And it was in line with the sentiments of most Virginia voters.

Things began to happen fast, as things always do in Virginia when Senator Byrd passes the word. First off, the General Assembly passed a punitive bill depriving Arlington County of its elective school board. This soon put control of Arlington schools back in the hands of the old order, and a policy of caution emerged. Meanwhile, the Byrd organization went to work on the law and constitution of Virginia, determined to plaster up all the chinks in the wall they had built against desegregation. As revised, Virginia law now provides three basic weapons against school integration. They quite possibly are unconstitutional. But right now they are the engines of "massive resistance."

First, if any Negro pupil is admitted to (or enrolled in) any presently white school, that school is to be closed immediately. The governor is directed by law to try to reopen it on a segregated basis, and *may* if he chooses reopen it anyway, at the request of local authorities. Closing of schools is mainly a club to induce a community to bring pressure to bear and so to keep Negroes from attending white schools. However, many Arlington Negroes are government employees and so have a fair measure of independence from local pressure. They are policemen, firemen, clerks, teachers, and skilled workers, often in positions that carry security of tenure. They cannot be subjected to economic pressure or coercion as is possible in a typical Southern town or rural community.

Second, the law provides for payment of tuition grants to parents when schools are closed—or closed and reopened still integrated—so that they can send their children to private schools. This probably is not very important in Arlington, because no matter how things go, there doubtless will always be some all-white public schools available and open, to which segregation-minded parents can send their children.

The third pillar of Virginia's resistance structure is the provision that when any school is closed to avert integration, all state funds must be cut off from *all schools of that same category* in that district (the county). This could be a powerful weapon in many parts of the state; but it means little in Arlington, where only thirteen per cent of the school budget comes from state funds.

The new school laws also provide for a pupil-placement system at the state level, obviously designed to manipulate pupil assignments so as to keep segregation in practice. But this has been held unconstitutional and now is only a complication, not a bulwark against desegregation.

Defenders and Preservers

Meanwhile pressure for integration had been mounting. In May of 1956 the N.A.A.C.P. filed suit in Federal court to halt segregation in Arlington schools. Two months later, Judge Albert V. Bryan ordered integration of elementary schools by January of 1957 and high schools by September. These orders were carried to the Supreme Court and upheld. After Negro pupils were denied admission to two schools, Judge Bryan ordered the admission of seven specifically named Negro pupils to specific schools—a more concrete order than the courts had given in other Virginia communities. After delays for appeal, the Supreme Court last May 19 refused to review the order for admission of the seven, in effect supporting Judge Bryan.

Thus the stage has been set for a final reckoning. Caught between the Federal judiciary and Virginia's

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"massive resistance" program, thousands of Arlingtonians have grouped themselves according to their values and prejudices. The outright pro-segregation forces are mustered in a hazy organization, not very large, called the Defenders of State Sovereignty and Individual Liberties (Arlington Chapter). The indefatigable leader of the Defenders, Jack Rathbone, is a large, bumbling, amiable plumbing contractor. He spends his days at a battered desk in a run-down, once-white frame house near the business center of Arlington, amid a clutter of bridge tables, folding funeral-parlor chairs, and discarded bookcases. This is the George Mason Grammar and Academic High School, standing by in readiness (if that is the word) to pinch-hit as a private school if any public school of Arlington is closed because of integration.

"There'll never be Negroes in our white schools except with Federal troops," Rathbone assured me. "We have buildings promised us in all parts of the county, ready to be fixed up and used." The dilapidated house and its makeshift equipment, however, do not convey the feeling that Rathbone or anybody else really expects private schools to supplant public. This half-baked arrangement for stand-by facilities does not represent the real power against desegregation in Arlington; and the Defenders are not an important element in the conflict, either in numbers or ability or prestige. In reality, the power behind segregation in Arlington, as in all Virginia, is the Byrd organization, backed by the bulk of people of the state.

Conservative Arlington has no pro-integration group other than the N.A.A.C.P., which has a few white members there. However, there is a large, effective, ably led group known as the Arlington Committee to Preserve Public Schools. Most of the Preservers come from the thirty-nine parent-teachers associations, of which twenty-six have openly approved the committee's goals. The Preservers have at least three thousand members, good legal counsel, and a firm resolve to keep Arlington's fine school system open, on whatever basis may be possible. The relatively small number of militant liberals who favor school integration on principle are in the Preservers because they have nowhere else to go. But the settled policy of the group is to keep the schools open. If this requires some integration, very well. If it requires continued segregation, that is all right too.

If one could take a poll of the Preservers, it probably would show a strong majority preferring segregation to integration—if the choice were as simple as that. They prefer segregation because they have worked hard and spent heavily to develop good schools, and they believe that desegregation would reduce standards.

But the choice is not that simple. It is a choice between a little integration—not very much—and flat defiance of the law of the land. Most of these people work for the government, and they automatically assume that Federal courts must be obeyed. Neither citizens' group can do much, however, beyond showing the flag for its cause. The Defenders are not extremists bent on making mischief, while the Preservers have given school officials assurance of broad support in whatever efforts they may make to keep the schools open, and are ready with a battery of lawyers to file suits for such parents as may wish to force a reopening of closed schools or to test the constitutionality of Virginia's new laws and constitutional amendment.

Summer Maneuvers and Reaction

Such is the order of battle on the eve of a crucial school year in Arlington. The superintendent, Ray Reid, is new to his job, but he is familiar with the situation. He came directly from Richmond, where he was assistant state superintendent of education. He has done much to push backward Virginia counties into improving their Negro schools. Probably he would personally prefer segregation, but he is a school man first.

The school board is split 3-2, with the old AIM element in the majority. But one of the three, Lee Bean, is a conservative, cautious, responsible lawyer. He may have enough respect for the courts of the United States to join the two ABC members in a policy of fearing the Federal courts more than the Byrd machine.

Summer maneuvers in Arlington and Richmond have been chiefly for two purposes. One is to keep the conflict in the courts, not the schools or the streets. There is a good chance of success in this for three reasons. First, neither the Defenders nor the Preservers want to make schoolchildren the victims of the controversy. Second, Arlington is a high-income, orderly, responsible suburban community with little raw material for street mobs. The third reason lies in the character of the Byrd machine. In its methods, this is a tough, formidable political organization. In its policies, it is more reactionary than most of the Taft Republicans. But unlike many state and city political machines elsewhere, the Byrd machine is controlled and administered by men who are personally honest, and who are sincere in the position they have taken. They represent and serve the interests of a combination of aristocracy and plutocracy—a gentry. They are tyrants, perhaps, but they are not in the lower order of demagogues.

Governor Almond, the key figure in Arlington's dilemma, is a top-grade lawyer who was state attorney general while Virginia's legal breastworks were being thrown up. But he also is a gentleman with good manners, personal integrity, and a high sense of public responsibility. Virginia's governor believes devoutly in segregation as a way of life; but he is no Faubus, and certainly no Talmadge.

The other goal of pre-school-year maneuvering has been to nail down the responsibility for challenging the Federal courts. The governor has been trying to make enrollment

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of Negro pupils, not physical admission to schools, the basis for closing schools. This would enable him to wield the club of school closure with little risk of public disorder, and also to get a court test without stirring undue public feeling. He also is trying to play the game in such a way that the local school board will have to take the initiative for integrating any school or reopening any closed school. It is with questionable wisdom, however, that Governor Almond is seeking to bring the first Virginia showdown in Arlington.

Arlington, any impartial Federal judge probably would insist, is ready for integration. It looks as though vindictiveness toward the outlanders in Arlington County may have supplanted calm logic among the strategists at Richmond.

The prime strategy of the Preservers' leaders is to move in ways that will oblige the governor to take the lead in a direct challenge to the Federal judiciary. After all, they reason, it's his battle, not Arlington's.

The way of life he and Senator Byrd are defending is the way of life of Virginia's interior zone. Living in the magnetic field of Washington, the neutralists in this typical American suburb are wondering why their schools, built with their money, should be closed down and their elective school board removed in order to preserve the way of life of an alien hinterland.

Arlington County is again—as it was nearly a century ago during an earlier and more violent quarrel—in the middle. « »

The Air-Conditioned Crusade Against Albert Gore

DAVID HALBERSTAM

THE day after Orval Faubus was re-elected in Arkansas, a small man with a snap-brim hat walked into the Nashville headquarters of ex-Governor Prentice Cooper, where a similar segregation-at-any cost primary campaign was being directed to win Albert Gore's Senate seat.

"You did a good job down there," Cooper said. "Now do as good a job for us."

But there was more separating Arkansas and Tennessee than the River. Tennessee, a lean, rambling stretch of farmland spotted with islands of industrialization, is usually considered a border state. While Tennessee touches on such racially moderate states as Kentucky and Missouri, it is also the neighbor of Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and Faubus's Arkansas. Tennessee is divided politically into what are known as the three grand divisions: east Tennessee, with its mountains, nascent industrial precincts, and Carroll Reece Republicans; middle Tennessee, with its bluegrass and small farms; and finally the cotton country flatland of west Tennessee, home of Memphis and the battered remnants of the Crump machine ("where, God bless 'em, they still know how to vote like white men").

The difficulties of bringing one campaign into what is essentially three separate states has told on many a candidate. Men have been seen to lose interest in cotton as they approach ridge country; similarly, others have been known to get religion on the race issue as they move toward the River.

Success Begins at Home

Post-Crump Tennessee has been marked by a curious mixture of silent, almost reluctant liberalism ("They vote a lot more liberal than they talk"). Since the repeal of the poll tax and the consequent increase in voting, there has been a shift of political power to the Center. But while the civil-rights controversy is a tough one for politicians to handle within Tennessee, it offers certain advantages and opportunities on a national scale. The Democratic Party, attempting to hold its ranks together, looks increasingly for help to the border states; at the last Democratic convention, for instance, three Tennesseans were nominated for national office.

But the politician with national ambitions must first prove that he can hold Tennessee before he can be considered as a candidate to bind up the nation's wounds. This was the problem that faced Albert Gore in the recent Democratic primary. It was showdown time in Tennessee: the issues were clearly drawn and Albert Gore was in trouble.

Four days before the deadline for qualifying for the Senate, Prentice Cooper, who had served three terms as governor under the auspices of the Crump machine, was maneuvered out of his attempt to make a political comeback in the governor's race and sent in against Gore. The attempt to beat Gore went back much farther than Cooper's last-minute decision. A small group of wealthy Tennesseans had been looking for the man to defeat Gore for some time. They had approached several state notables, including Governor Frank Clement, with the offer of a well-financed race, plus their own issues. The offer had too many strings attached for most. But Cooper was running poorly in the already crowded gubernatorial contest. Cooper's backers included Justin Potter, an immensely wealthy Nashville industrialist, insurance executive, former coal-mine owner, and one of TVA's bitterest enemies; Guy Smith, chairman of the state Republican Party and editor of the Republican Knoxville *Journal* which had editorially beckoned Cooper into the race; Roane Waring of Memphis, a lobbyist for the Dixon-Yates contract; A. G. Heinsohn of Knoxville, a wealthy textile man who had been an elector for States Rights candidate T. Coleman Andrews in 1956; and Pat French of Nashville, a textile man who two years before had led a Tennessee boycott on Japanese goods and who was still smarting over Gore's lack of co-operation with the textile people.

"WHAT they're trying to do is simple," Gore told me. "They're trying as hard as they can with as much money as they can get to recon-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

struct the same coalition which carried Tennessee for Eisenhower in 1956, the alliance between the east-state Republicans and the west-state Dixiecrats." Later Gore announced: "You know the man who is the chief contributor to my opposition [Potter] is also the biggest contributor to the Republican Party in Tennessee. He gave $5,000 last year; but when I asked him to show his interest in the Democratic Party by attending a five-dollar barbecue in Nashville, he said he didn't go out at night."

When it became known that Clement had decided not to challenge Gore, most of Tennessee (with a little disappointment: "That sure would have been a right good one to watch") decided the junior senator was unassailable. And then suddenly Cooper was in the race, and within two weeks Tennessee's countryside was hidden behind billboards proclaiming that Cooper would be a Senator FOR Tennessee.

The Billboard Trail

In west Tennessee, Gore was in serious trouble over civil rights and a long local memory of his failure to sign the Southern Manifesto two years earlier. "It was the damnedest thing I ever saw," one reporter said—"Estes and Albert both let it go. But no one got mad at Estes, no one expected him to sign it. But Albert was something different; they expected him to go with it and they concentrated all their anger and all their telegrams on him and they never forgot." To make matters worse, some of the Kefauver people—who ordinarily work for Gore too—had not forgotten Gore's willingness to run for the Vice-Presidency in 1956 when it nearly cost Kefauver the nomination.

Against these weaknesses, Prentice Cooper brought what he called his Holy Crusade. It was the type of campaign that is frequently seen in the South and is usually very effective: a great deal of talk about state's rights, some pretty earthy discussion of the race problem, a record playing "Dixie" as loud as possible, all well financed by private-power and utilities and textile money. Cooper traveled across Tennessee in an air-conditioned bus, and everywhere he went his picture stared back. (The billboard people are mad at Gore for trying to regulate billboards in his new highway bill and gratefully contributed an estimated 450 billboards to Cooper's Crusade.) A Nashville advertising firm handled the campaign along with some of Cooper's speech writing. Estimates on the financing of the Cooper campaign ran at about $750,000.

Cooper himself, a man in his early sixties, stumped Tennessee during the July and August heat looking somewhat surrounded by the double-breasted winter suits he wore. His earliest successes must be credited to the late Boss Crump's skill at delivering Shelby County rather than the candidate's forceful personality. "Boys," said Crump the first time he decided to run Cooper for governor, "this time we're goin' fishin' without bait." Cooper did show willingness to hit hard and in almost any direction on the race issue, although even here his advertisers had to work on him. "You know he had that Manifesto with him everywhere," one man said. "Well, I had to work on him three days to get him to say that the first thing he'd do when he got to Washington would be to sign it."

Cooper also repeated his charge that Gore "has turned his back on Tennessee. He has not represented Tennessee as a part of the South. He represented it as part of the North to court favor with Northern radicals."

Despite the pleas of his advisers, Cooper also dwelt on two other issues, frequently blending them. He sharply criticized Gore's participation in foreign-aid programs and also his support of some parts of the reciprocal-trade agreements. "My opponent has wasted billions of your tax dollars," he said, "in a do-good global giveaway program and he has not gotten value received. You can't buy friends." Cooper frequently said Gore's trade policies had caused unemployment in Tennessee and that Gore was giving away the American market.

I JOINED Gore's party in Jackson, which is the center of rural west Tennessee. "Well, this is it today," he said. "We're going into hostile territory. But the thing is a lot better. We're getting it going." Gore is a strikingly handsome man of fifty-one, whose youthful face is given dignity by a mop of wavy silver hair —an almost perfect combination for a senator. He is a former lawyer and county school superintendent from Carthage, Cordell Hull's home town ("My father and Cordell Hull used to run the river together"), and he served his middle Tennessee Congressional district for fourteen years before challenging the aged Kenneth McKellar in 1952. In Tennessee, Gore's supporters lack the dedicated zeal of the inner group of Kefauver followers, and in fact some of them were glad to see him in a tough fight. "Albert would probably be in a lot better shape here," said one newspaper man, "if he would file down that capital 'I' on his typewriter."

In Washington he has built a reputation as an able, hard-working senator with not only a good voting record but a willingness to work well and imaginatively on committees. He has long been associated with Tennessee's support of TVA, and many Tennesseans were proud of his work in exposing the Dixon-Yates contract and in sponsoring the national highway bill. But his service to state and country probably goes considerably beyond that. Although almost any definition on Southern moderation is bound to be pretty arbitrary, Gore probably comes as close as anyone in Washington to fitting the description of the much-discussed, highly sought, and rarely found Southern moderate.

AT A TIME when lines are sharply drawn, Gore has played a vital role in civil rights, not voting straight with the North but serving as a sort of North-South buffer, interpreting the South to the North. He not only failed to sign the Manifesto but voted for the civil-rights bill—after first playing a major role in drawing up some of the bill's amendments. For this role, Gore is well prepared by his background: he represents a moderate area in middle Tennessee and has the strong support of several influential state newspapers that have advocated moderation on the touchy race question.

That day I spent with Gore in west Tennessee, he started early, armed with four clean white shirts and two packs of throat lozenges. Although he had scheduled ten speeches (he actually gave thirteen),

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he was ready to hop out of his car at the nearest store or highway crew ("Just wanted to shake hands and remind you that my bill helped get you these jobs"). But this was cotton country where the deeper you drive, the more Negroes line the streets until the county seats resemble Mississippi more and more. Here the Gore strategy was simple: to hit Cooper as hard as he could on the trade issue and then counteract as much of the civil-rights charges as possible without mentioning the Manifesto.

"I drove through this morning," he said, "and I looked at your cotton crop and it looks good; it looks to be one of the best crops you've ever had. Well, what are you going to do with it? . . . I know what you did last year. You sold sixty per cent of it to foreign markets. If you want to stop that and quit those foreign markets there's a man running for the U.S. Senate who'll accommodate you. But I'm flying back to Washington tonight to vote for extension of the Cordell Hull program. And I'll tell you this: the cotton-mill and textile people would love to have all the cotton they want dirt cheap; oh yes, you could make a good crop, but they'd pay you what they wanted and you sure couldn't live off that.

"Now you've heard a lot of propaganda and prejudice on these civil-rights bills. This passed 3 to 1 in the House, a tough anti-South bill, more punitive and severe than its authors realized. I had the chance to stand stubbornly and see the passage of a severe bill or to try—and you notice I said try—to modify the bill into one the South could live with. There were five amendments passed—this wasn't child's play, it took twenty-eight days and I was a leader with the South on those amendments. And let me tell you that it is a right-to-vote bill, and I believe in the right to vote for every man—white or colored, rich or poor, Jew or Gentile—and I hope you do too. The Southerners got together and decided to let the bill pass. One Southerner jumped the traces, Strom Thurmond, and talked twenty-four hours and all the other Southerners ate his hide off. And one man came up to me and said he couldn't vote for the bill and he couldn't vote for the Ten Commandments if someone called it a civil-rights bill. Well, I don't believe in labels and I'll vote my convictions and you wouldn't want it any other way."

When it was all over, Gore had carried seventy of the state's ninety-five counties. In middle Tennessee, he carried every county, including Cooper's home county, by a margin of 2 to 1. Memphis turned its back on Cooper and gave Gore an eighteen-thousand majority.

Mr. Cooper's Miscalculations

What had gone wrong with the well-financed Cooper campaign? Several things. For one, Cooper's wealthy supporters went too far with their money and they went too far with their charges. Where one billboard would suffice, they erected three; where one television spot would do, they shattered regular programming with four. Cooper's charge that Gore was an ideal senator for Nikita Khrushchev just embarrassed most voters.

The contrast of Gore's own pro-TVA service coupled with Cooper's supporters' anti-TVA record was certainly a strong factor. One of Gore's main props was a copy of a full-page ad Potter had once taken in the Chicago *Tribune* claiming that the TVA "was a Communist rathole." It was decorated with nine hammers and sickles and Gore quickly printed up several thousand and fought back: "If the TVA is a Communist rathole, then I'm for bigger and better ones. Are your power lines and your washing machines Communist ratholes?"

On the race issue, Cooper carried the west Tennessee vote, which he would have done anyway. From then on, whenever he spoke he probably lost more votes than he gained. For although the average Tennessean probably prefers segregation, the issue itself is a touchy political one, particularly in middle Tennessee, which was settled earlier than west Tennessee and has fewer Negroes. "All you have to do to lose about fifty thousand votes in middle Tennessee is to start talking away on the race thing," one candidate for governor has said. "It doesn't matter whether you say you're segregationist or integrationist, those people don't want to hear it. I think it makes them uneasy."

FOR whatever reasons, the race issue did not drown out all the other issues in Tennessee's primary. Albert Gore goes back to Washington after proving quite conclusively that he can hold onto his important border state. And the Cooper Crusade's air-conditioned bus has gone back to hauling tourists up Lookout Mountain.

Is Kuwait Next On Nasser's Timetable?

MICHAEL ADAMS

KUWAIT, a British-protected state that forms a tiny buffer region between the southeastern border of Iraq and the northeastern border of Saudi Arabia, is by far the most important of the Persian Gulf sheikdoms. Vital to Britain because it forms part of the sterling area and produces more than half of Britain's oil imports, it is also important to the United States. The American Gulf Oil Company has a half share in the small country's exceptionally profitable oil production, which is running currently at the rate of about sixty million tons a year, a production comfortably supported by the largest proved reserves in the world—about a fifth of the world's total.

Kuwait, in fact, is an oilman's dream. In addition to its vast potentialities, it offers ease of exploitation, low operating costs, and a geographical situation of exceptional convenience. The main oil field lies under high ground only a few miles from the sea. The pressure is unusually high, so that no pumping is nec-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

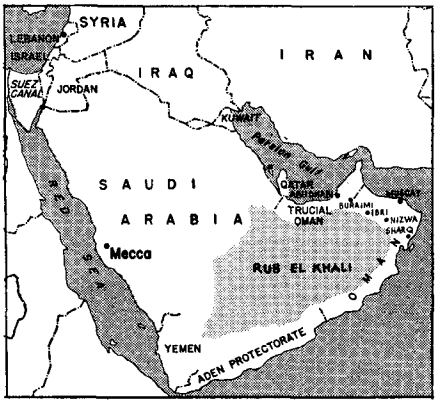
essary to bring the oil to the surface, and once it is there it runs easily down from the gathering centers to a deep-water terminal, to be loaded at once onto tankers at the Kuwait Oil Company's own port of Ahmadi and sent on its way to the markets of the western world.

In addition to providing half of Britain's oil imports, Kuwait contributes an important flow of capital for investment in the sterling area. Sheik Abdullah as-Salim as-Sabah, who has a fifty-fifty agreement with the Kuwait Oil Company for sharing the wellhead profits, has been enjoying a personal income from the operation of more than $280 million a year. About one third of this he has invested every year in London, and the $90 million or so involved represents something like ten per cent of the ready money available for investment in the entire sterling area. However, his income this year is expected to rise to $325 million. According to the Chase Manhattan Bank, Middle East oil production is expected to double by 1966, which could raise the Sheik of Kuwait's income to $650 million a year.

The Sheik Decides

Naturally there are plenty of rivals eager to undermine the British connection and replace it with one which (it can easily be represented) would be more favorable to the interests of the ruler of Kuwait in a changing world. Some weeks before the Iraqi *coup d'état,* I was at a party in Kuwait where most of the guests were oilmen from various countries. Bids had been invited for a new oil concession for the offshore rights in the so-called "neutral zone" —an area in dispute between Kuwait and Saudi Arabia. A Japanese company had already secured a contract with King Saud for his share in the new concession; out of many contenders, three had emerged as the principal rivals for the remaining Kuwaiti share. One was British, one American, and the third was the Japanese company. The offshore concession promised as safe a bet for an oil prospector as any in the world; there was oil to the north in Iraq, to the south in Saudi Arabia, in Kuwait itself and in Iran, eastward across the Persian Gulf. In no one's mind that night could there have been much thought of the danger of a revolution in neighboring Iraq—and least of all in the mind of the Sheik of Kuwait, on whose decision the oilmen were waiting. For the sheik was out of town, was in fact in Baghdad, where he had gone ostensibly to congratulate young King Feisal on his recent betrothal and where in reality he was engaged in discussions about the possibility of Kuwait's joining the anti-Nasser federal union between Iraq and Jordan.

The sheik turned down the suggestion of a federal union, and must shortly afterward have been very glad he did so. He awarded his share in the offshore concession to the Japanese company on 57-43 terms that showed once again the vulnerability of the old 50-50 agreements. In each



case he made what was probably the wisest decision open to him in the circumstances, avoiding too open an alliance with one of the conflicting Arab camps and freeing himself from total dependence on the West as far as his oil was concerned.

But neither decision left him any the less vulnerable to a frontal attack by the forces of Arab nationalism, an attack that was already predictable when the Arab world was divided into two rival camps with headquarters in Cairo and Baghdad, but which became inevitable with the collapse of the old régime in Iraq. Kuwaitis are Arabs, and like Arabs everywhere they have heeded these last years the powerful siren of nationalism. Nasser's successes over "imperialism," the gradual withdrawal of western influence from the Middle East, the propaganda of Radio Cairo, the growing sense of a common purpose among the different Arab states, and the realization (especially at the time of Suez) of the influence they can bring to bear through their control of oil fields and pipelines—all these have combined to induce in the Arabs a mood of rather incoherent ambition. For individual rulers who have tried to stand in the way of this movement, the fate of King Feisal of Iraq has provided a fearful warning. Those who remain have now to decide, and quickly, whether they can hold onto their existing positions, or whether the time has come to reach an accommodation with the seemingly irresistible force of nationalism.

The Angry Young Men

In Kuwait, which suffers little from the endemic misfortunes of the Arab world—poverty, unemployment, overcrowding, and malnutrition—the onslaught of nationalism takes a distinctive form. The danger lies not with the mob crying out for bread and a chance to earn a secure living —there are no beggars among the two hundred thousand inhabitants— but with groups of young men in whom a relatively good education and some experience of the outside world have bred impatience with the structure of Kuwaiti society and a thirst for some measure of political influence.

Most of these young men are members of one of several young people's clubs that the ruler of Kuwait set up and financed some years ago as part of an enlightened program of social improvement. These clubs were to have all the usual amenities of recreation rooms, libraries, and the like, and were designed to further the education and the general welfare of the young Kuwaitis. But the gesture backfired, and the clubs—in particular two of them—have become centers for political discussion, with a strong bias toward constitutional reform.

When political parties appear in Kuwait, they will owe their existence to these clubs, which are still maintained with public money and where already a broad reform movement is getting under way. Its unofficial leader is Dr. Ahmed Khatib, who has a wide popular following. There is also a more conservative leader in Sheik Jarem al Katani, formerly the chief of police, who resigned his post at the time of Suez rather than take

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

action against nationalist demonstrators.

At a meeting of one of these clubs, I sat next to Dr. Khatib, and for a couple of hours he and his companions poured out their discontents and their longings. Much that they said betrayed an ignorance of the facts of life in the Middle East. They were convinced, for instance, that British agents still pulled the strings in three-quarters of the Arab world, and they would not believe me when I reminded them that some of the most abject poverty in the world existed in Egypt, which to them was a fabled land flowing with milk and honey. The main drift of their arguments concerned their own domestic situation in Kuwait, and here there was no uncertainty.

They resented being subjected in the twentieth century to the absolute authority of a sheik who ruled in the manner of the Middle Ages. They resented the fact that no advisory body existed to check the wayward paternalism of the ruler, no parliament which might ensure that his decisions were taken only after the representatives of the people had had some opportunity to give or withhold their assent. They deplored the fact that the legal system in force in Kuwait was still that of the *sharia,* the traditional Moslem code, which makes no provision for the complex financial basis of modern life and leaves the Kuwaiti businessman totally unprotected. Despite many examples of the sheik's paternalistic generosity, they complained that it was absurd for the enormous revenues of the sheikdom to be the personal income of the ruler, and they wanted to institute checks and controls on the spending of the state income, and especially on the allowances made to the many members of the ruling family.

THE REFORMERS who have seen their ambitions blocked by an unyielding conservatism have long since been tempted to take a short cut to their domestic goals in the shape of an alliance with the wider forces of Arab nationalism. The name of President Nasser, here as elsewhere in the Arab world, is the symbol not only of liberation from "colonialism" or of increased security against Israel but also of social progress. Until the Iraqi revolution it was only in Egypt that the old order had been overthrown, the pashas humbled, the land redistributed, the doors of opportunity thrown open, in theory at least, to rich and poor alike, and a government instituted that shaped its policies (however ineffectually) in the interests of the people at large and not simply in those of the governors.

Nasser's achievements, whatever their real value, have a ready-made sounding board in Kuwait's educational system, which provides a completely free education for every Kuwaiti child and for an increasing number of children from the nearby states. There are about seventy modern schools, including a vast high school that is intended in time to become the University of Kuwait. But the whole system is only ten years old, and Kuwait itself has been unable to provide the necessary number of teachers. Egypt, quick to take advantage of this, has sent in teachers in large numbers, some of whom (though by no means all) are undoubtedly propagandists first and instructors second. There are also a great many Palestinians, who grew up in the excellent schools of Palestine in the British mandate days and had to leave their homeland in 1948. Together the Egyptians and Palestinians comprise about three-quarters of the teachers in the schools of Kuwait, and outnumber the Kuwaiti teachers by about seven to one. Most of them belong to an Egyptian cultural mission, which inevitably gives a political coloring to the work of its members. There is no corresponding British influence on the educational system.

A similar imbalance shows up in the administration itself. More than half of the members of the Kuwait civil service are Egyptians or Palestinians, including many senior officials. There is not necessarily anything sinister about this; it is due to the lack of trained Kuwaitis, and to the attraction of good pay for men whose capabilities and qualifications (especially in the case of the Palestinians) find little scope at home. But it is true that some of these immigrants show more loyalty to their own material interests than to the welfare of Kuwait, and so provide ammunition for the young Kuwaiti nationalists when they complain of the extravagance and the corruption in the administration.

It May Be Too Late

Kuwait as an independent principality enjoys "special treaty relations" with Britain. What this means in effect is that sixty years ago, when Kuwait had importance for Britain only as a commercial outlet on the Persian Gulf, a treaty was signed by which Kuwait entrusted Britain with responsibility for its foreign policy and agreed not to lease or cede any territory without British permission, in return for a British guarantee of protection against its neighbors. The British or the sheik could now invoke those terms against any threat of absorption either by the United Arab Republic or by the new Iraqi Republic on Kuwait's northern border. But the majority of Kuwaitis would prefer, if not absorption, at least some closer association with the main stream of Arab nationalism. If Britain sent troops (with or without an appeal from the ruler) to prevent such a development, it would find itself in the same dangerously anomalous position as in Jordan—supporting an unpopular régime ostensibly against "subversion" from outside but in fact against the discontent within.

The British know this, and so does the sheik. When President Nasser visited Damascus a few days after the revolt in Iraq, the Sheik of Kuwait was there to visit him. No word has been released of the nature or results of the discussions between these two men, one immensely powerful and the other immensely rich. But it may already be too late to think of invoking the terms of a sixty-year-old treaty.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Where India Meets Red China High in the Himalayas

GORDON SHEPHERD

THE AIR is not the only thing that wears thinner the higher up the Himalayas you go. The same happens to *Panchsheel,* the doctrine of peaceful coexistence laid down in April, 1954, as the "eternal basis" for relations between India and Communist China.

Down on the plains, its atmosphere is strong and cloying, and from New Delhi's huge red-brick Secretariat Building, the bureaucrats of half a dozen ministries dutifully circulate it throughout the capital for the benefit of Indians and foreigners alike. It becomes much fainter in hill centers, like Darjeeling, that are within sight of the mighty peaks and within fifteen minutes' flying time of the airbases being built by the Chinese just on the other side of them. And on the strategic passes of the great range itself, *Panchsheel* evaporates altogether.

Up there, military reality takes over and the political "ally" becomes an undisguised intelligence target. On ridges where the ice never melts, Chinese and Indian sentries, in quilted coats, fur hats, and felt boots, stand watchfully within a few hundred yards of each other—living dots that mark the first connected boundary line ever staked out across these mountains. Rival wireless posts are now in action, reporting to their inland centers the slightest movement of the "enemy."

Indeed, along the whole of this border it is not so much coexistence as containment that the Indians are following—the same urgent ringing round of a huge and assertive land power whose millions are pressing ever closer and harder against the frontiers of liberty.

IN NEPAL, for example, I found that Chinese Communism had hardly begun to make itself felt. The Indians are still the dominating foreign influence. All the country's airfields are in Indian hands. Its seaborne trade is controlled down in distant Calcutta by Indian customs officials. The only post office in Katmandu, the capital, is located inside the huge compound of the Indian Embassy. An Indian military mission trains and equips Nepal's two-division army. Even the U.S. aid mission operating in Katmandu is careful to co-ordinate its activities with India's long-range development plans.

The Indians' aim in Nepal is to block the spread of Chinese influence south of the Himalayas by themselves bringing western-inspired liberalism combined with modern techniques to the Katmandu valley.

AT THE MOMENT, this, the world's only Hindu kingdom, is still a feudal anachronism. Thirty-nine-year-old King Mahendra, himself worshiped as one of the reincarnations of Vishnu the Preserver, is still an autocrat in theory and fact. Political parties exist, without, as yet, an assembly to sit in. Nepal still awaits the first elections of its history—now promised for February, 1959. At the time of my visit, a British legal expert, Sir Ivor Jennings, was busy trying to devise a parliamentary constitution for this medieval country whose leaders hate the thought of it and whose people have barely had a chance to consider it.

Meanwhile China is ominously passive. It has not even opened a consulate-general in Katmandu. Nor has Peking yet stretched out its finger to control Nepal's tiny Communist Party (registered membership, five thousand).

Almost the entire politburo of this small but influential party turned up to talk to me at its Katmandu headquarters—an attic strategically wedged between the police headquarters and a royal temple. They were emphatic about their patriotism. "If we look anywhere for guidance, I suppose it is to our comrades in India," the young secretary told me. "But if Nepal were invaded from any side, we should fight alongside the rest of our people."

I pointed to the wall behind us, from which Stalin's bearlike features gazed out through the dusty window. If their feelings were so violently nationalist, would it not be better to take him down and put up Tito as their inspiration instead? There was a muffled on-the-spot conference in Nepalese. Then the politburo of the Nepalese Communist Party solemnly informed me that my proposal was an excellent one and would be considered at the next plenary Central Committee meeting.

But if China is not at the moment creating openings in Nepal, it is not missing any. Just before I reached Katmandu, a gift of six magnificent horses arrived for King Mahendra from Mao Tse-tung. A minor delegation in the guise of equine advisers and stableboys arrived to make the presentation. The counselor from the Chinese embassy in New Delhi flew up for the occasion and stayed for the better part of a fortnight.

Chinese Communist propaganda has already begun to nibble away at some of the remoter parts of Nepal's border fringes. Chinese buttons with tiny pictures of "Our King Mao" and brochures about the Communist Five-Year Plan are distributed across the open border with Tibet to the Nepalese peasants. Two famous Buddhist temples that lie just inside Tibet are being renovated to draw greater streams of pilgrims from the Nepal side.

All this points to what the Chinese may eventually attempt in the Katmandu valley, the political and economic center of the country.

Mailboxes and Sikkimization

The clash of interests still latent in Nepal has already begun to emerge in neighboring Sikkim, an Indian protectorate wedged against the Tibetan border on the slopes of Mount Kanchenjunga. Indeed, this tiny state with only 140,000 inhabitants and 2,800 square miles of territory bids fair to become the first test case in Indian-Chinese rivalry.

To keep Sikkim's face turned south, New Delhi provides it with defense, a foreign policy, roads, economic subsidies, and the services of a handful of British-trained Indian

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

civil servants. The most prominent of these—the Delhi-appointed Dewan, or prime minister—turned out to be an old university comrade of mine twenty years ago in Cambridge. In his office at Gangtok, Sikkim's miniature capital, he expounded on his problems with all the verve of his student days.

It was a strange setting. As we talked, the office files, marked "Immediate" and "Urgent" in English, and still carrying the colored identity tabs of Whitehall, London, were borne steadily to and fro for signature. The bearers were aged clerks in lama-like robes. Gold rings tugged at their pierced ears and their heads were crowned with woolen hats, from which wispy white pigtails flowed down. On their feet were black ex-British Army boots with laces loosened in deference to the heat. From the window, high up in the blue distance, a long caravan of mules could be seen zigzagging down the 14,000-foot Nathula Pass, which links Sikkim with Tibet. The white blobs on their flanks were maunds of coarse Tibetan wool, each eighty pounds in weight.

The Dewan had been greatly upset that morning by the work of an unidentified madman who had gone around Gangtok daubing the mailboxes red. The Dewan was determined that all Sikkim's mailboxes should be designed to match the new style he was evolving for his little state—elliptical, white-gray, and topped off with little pagodas like a sun hat.

The color of the mailboxes was more than a disputed oddity. It was indeed the symbol of the whole Indian program in Gangtok, a program of carefully devised resistance to Chinese penetration. Sikkim is too Tibetan in its roots to be Indianized. The maharaja and his capable young heir, with whom I had several talks during my stay, are of Tibetan noble stock, and the children of the family still cross the Chinese-controlled border to marry.

What cannot be Indianized, therefore, is being Sikkimized, in an attempt to awaken the people to an awareness of their own identity. And in this process, the adventure of the mailbox forms but a small part of the architectural capers that are shaking Gangtok. A complete Sikkim style is being evolved out of monastery patterns, folklore, and the enthusiastic imagination of the prime minister. The basic color is the new official "Gangtok gray." The basic design is the pagoda roof, justified as indigenous because it is supposed to have originated in neighboring Nepal before being taken over by the Chinese in the Middle Ages.

The business end of the process of Sikkimization consists in the magnificent strategic roads the Indian Army is building. As elsewhere along the Himalayan range, most of Sikkim's new north-south routes now biting into the mountains are planned to come to an abrupt end about twenty miles short of the Chinese-controlled border. These deliberately cauterized communication links are the true measure of Indian-Chinese relations. All the blandishments of *Panchsheel* have weighed less than the brutal military argument that what goes up a road you build can also come down it.

The new road that leads from Gangtok itself over the Nathula Pass into Tibet is an exception. Here the Indians are improving an ancient and still thriving trade route for the simple reason that holding on to their traditional economic contacts with southern Tibet outweighs all other considerations.

I was privileged to explore this route up to the very peak that looks down into Tibet—according to my hosts I was the first westerner to do so since the Chinese invasion of Tibet eight years before. All the way up and down in our jeeps, Tibetan mule trains were our companions on the twisting ten-foot rock ledge that Indian engineers had hacked out of the mountainside. The icy ledge is just broad enough for a jeep and a laden mule to pass side by side, and the drop into sheer nothingness on the unfenced open side discourages road hogging.

In this way, I got a good look at Tibet's only emissaries to the free world—muleteers who might have ridden with Genghis Khan, with three or four jeweled daggers thrust in their waistbands and curved fur hats on their heads. On a normal day, three hundred mules plod up and down the rock face from Gangtok to the border. In exchange for the wool the drivers bring down, they carry up into Tibet almost any product of the machine age they can find in the bazaars. Their biggest bulk purchase is gasoline for the trucks of their Chinese garrisons. They fill jerricans at Gangtok's solitary pump and strap them to the sides of the mules for the return trip.

Nor are wool and gasoline the whole story. On their sore-rubbed backs, jammed between the white bales coming down or the yellow jerricans going up, these mules carry beautifully produced brochures on the blessings of Communism north of the Himalayas for free distribution in the markets of Gangtok. The Indians have begun to retort less expensively with literature about their own Five-Year Plan, hand-set on Tibetan presses in Kalimpong.

The strategic importance of Sikkim as the mountain highway to Calcutta is a fact of geography. Its present backwardness is a fact of history. As with neighboring Nepal, the question is whether India can both modernize and strengthen Sikkim in the time it will take China to absorb Tibet.

The Guerrilla Monks of Tibet

Tibet is the massive key to the whole of the Sino-Indian "coexistence" problem. After visiting Nathula Pass, I spent the next ten days along the Tibetan border, trying to learn something about this unhappy and inaccessible theocracy whose secrets China hides so jealously from outside eyes. At heights that made the ears ring, I talked to merchants, to young shaven-headed priests, to leaders of Tibetan resistance still active inside their country.

Two impressions stood out above all from these talks. The first was the scale and tenacity of Tibet's little-known struggle against Communism. In the eastern Kham Province alone, where armed revolt against the invaders first flared up, more than 120,000 Chinese troops are still battling in vain to liquidate guerrilla bands, led mostly by Buddhist mountain priests or by *pompos*, the traditional tribal chieftains.

I was allowed to see a secret report on the Kham situation that had been prepared for the Dalai Lama

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

himself. It told of heroism against hopeless odds and in an apparently hopeless cause. The guerrillas claimed to have cut more than four hundred miles of the Chinese Army's main strategic highway from Lhasa to Chengtu in Szechuan Province. The triangle formed by the Tibetan townships of Dergey, Bathang, and Litang was described as "the scene of constant military operations, where villages change hands from month to month."

The rebels fight mostly with Mausers, Lee-Enfields, and other rifles from the First World War and the Russo-Japanese conflict ten years before it. I was told that up to 750,000 of these ancient long-barreled weapons had survived the Chinese Army's searches—buried under mud floors of village houses, hidden in cracks on rock faces, or wrapped up in yellow prayer flags behind the dim altars of Buddhist temples. With this primitive armament, the patriots claimed a total of thirty-five thousand Chinese soldiers killed in the ceaseless ambushes and skirmishes of the past two years.

CHINESE punitive action has included ruthless bombing attacks to knock out "rebel" monasteries and village strong points. Many shrines of eastern Tibet have already been destroyed in these raids. Thirteen thousand tribal Tibetans, including many women and children, are said to have died under these air onslaughts.

Elsewhere in the country, the struggle is mainly a passive one. But in Lhasa itself, where the Chinese commander-in-chief, General Chang Kuo-hua, is engaged in a steady campaign to undermine the spiritual and temporal authority of the Dalai Lama, the position was described as "explosive." Here a red-and-yellow-robed "army" of more than twenty-five thousand monks holds out behind the sacrosanct walls of the capital's three great monasteries, all of them loyal to the orders of their god-king. And as the priests spin their prayer wheels and clean their rifles, the Chinese garrison, now thirty thousand strong, stages paratroop drops and other demonstrations of strength on the surrounding plains.

As a memento of one of these talks, I was presented with the last Tibetan flag to fly over the ruins of one of the Kham monasteries. The monks had salvaged it, together with what remained of their thousand-year-old library, and fled southward when Chinese infantry moved in to occupy what their bombers had left standing.

Planes on the Roof

The second basic impression was of the sheer magnitude of events in Tibet and their enormous potential importance for the outside world. To begin with, simply by opening up Tibet, the Chinese are altering the whole balance of Asian strategy.

Throughout the centuries, India's real defensive shield has been not so much the mighty Himalayan Range as the even mightier deserts behind it—the arid, inhospitable plateaus of Gobi, Takla Makan, Aksaichin, and many others. But now, for the first time, the track of the wheel is appearing on the sands of these deserts as Chinese and Soviet trucks churn up camel paths that existed before the wheel itself was invented.

Furthermore, the picture painted by a dozen independent sources made it clear that the Soviet stake in the opening up of Tibet is at least as great as the Chinese. I talked to one secret messenger of the Dalai Lama, for example, who only a month before (this rates as spot news in a land where the mule is still the basic means of transport) had ridden all the way across the Tsaidam Plateau in the extreme north of the country. He described how, unwittingly, he had ridden into a huge Soviet military enclave being erected in a remote region of China near the Tibetan border. He had jogged past the barbed-wire boundary fences of two large Soviet airfields under construction. One was at Haitang, just south of Koko Nor Lake. The second was "near another lake five days' ride to the east" (probably Lake Hollusun). He observed a brisk coming and going of Russian planes, completely camouflaged in green-brown and carrying no identification marks except a small Soviet star.

At both these mystery airfields, the Chinese played second fiddle. Even senior Chinese Army officers needed Russian passes to enter and leave. According to Tibetan laborers, these airbases were being built as centers for the intensive mineralogical surveys that the Russians are carrying out throughout the whole Tsaidam Plateau and the province of Chang Tang to the southeast. The Soviet scientists were reported to be jubilant at their finds so far—which included rich deposits of oil, uranium, iron ore, coal, and gold.

WHAT CAN India do in the face of these transformations along its northern border?

Back in New Delhi I talked to one of India's ablest young politicians, who resigned from the Congress Party in protest against Nehru's "inactivity" over the Chinese invasion of Tibet.

"Of course we cannot invade the country and drive the Chinese out," he said. "But we can and must do more than we are doing in Tibet. To begin with, we must insist that the Communists keep their promise there and respect the ancient national character of the country, instead of flooding it with thousands of propagandists and millions of Chinese settlers. And, most important, we must insist that we be allowed to develop freely our own traditional contacts with Lhasa—commercial, cultural, and religious. In that way, Tibet can still serve as a buffer of sorts between India and China."

If, as is hoped, Nehru is allowed to visit Lhasa this fall, he will have a chance to put that advice to work.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Final excerpts from

Doctor Zhivago

by BORIS PASTERNAK

This book, which was written in Soviet Russia but has not been published there, is the lyrical narrative of a man's life, a fictional character named Yurii Andreievich Zhivago. Zhivago served as an army doctor in the First World War, then was caught up by the Communist Revolution, which he wholeheartedly accepted, was swept away by it, yet maintained to the very end, when life failed him, an unconquerably free mind.

(As these final excerpts begin, Zhivago is speaking to Larisa Feodorovna about her husband, a minor figure of the Revolution named Strelnikov who appeared at the end of the first excerpts in our July 10 issue.)

"He ought to have repelled me. We had actually passed through the country where he had brought death and destruction. I expected to see a brutal soldier or a revolutionary Jack the Ripper, but he was neither. It's a good thing when a man is different from your image of him. It shows he isn't a type. If he were, it would be the end of him as a man. But if you can't place him in a category, it means that at least a part of him is what a human being ought to be. He has risen above himself, he has a grain of immortality."

"They say he is not a party member," said Larisa Feodorovna.

"Yes, I think that's true. What is it that makes one like him? He is a doomed man. I believe that he'll come to a bad end. He will atone for the evil he has done. Revolutionaries who take the law into their own hands are horrifying not because they are criminals, but because they are like machines that have got out of control, like runaway trains. Strelnikov is as mad as the others, only his madness does not spring from theories, but from the ordeals he has gone through. I don't know his secret, but I am sure he has one. His alliance with the Bolsheviks is accidental. So long as they need him, they put up with him, and he happens to be going their way. The moment they don't need him they'll throw him overboard with no regret, and crush him, as they have done with other military experts."

"You think so?"

"I am sure of it."

"Is there no escape for him? Couldn't he run away?"

"Where could he run, Larisa Feodorovna? You could do that in the old days, under the Tsars. But just you try nowadays!"

"Too bad. You've made me feel sorry for him. You've changed, you know. You used to speak more calmly about the Revolution, you were less harsh about it."

"That's just the point, Larisa Feodorovna. There are limits to everything. In all this time something definite should have been achieved. But it turns out that those who inspired the Revolution aren't at home in anything except change and turmoil, they aren't happy with anything that's on less than a world scale. For them transitional periods, worlds in the making, are an end in themselves. They aren't trained for anything else, they don't know anything except that. And do you know why these never-ending preparations are so futile? It's because these men haven't any real capacities, they are incompetent. Man is born to live, not to prepare for life. Life itself, the phenomenon of life, the gift of life, is so breath-takingly serious! So why substitute this childish harlequinade of immature fantasies, these schoolboy escapades? But enough of this. . . ."

Larisa Feodorovna said: "I've always had friends and connections in every government—and also sorrows and disappointment from all of them. It's only in mediocre books that people are divided into two camps and have nothing to do with each other. In real life everything gets mixed up! Don't you think you'd have to be a hopeless nonentity to play one role all your life, to have only one place in society, always to stand for the same thing?—Ah, there you are!"

Yurii Andreievich said: "But then what spoiled your marriage, if you loved each other so much?"

"Ah, that's hard to answer. I'll try to tell you. But it's strange that I, an ordinary woman, should explain to you, who are so wise, what is happening to human life in general and to life in Russia and why families get broken up, including yours and mine. Ah, it isn't a matter of individuals, of being alike or different in temperament, of loving or not loving! All customs and traditions, all our way of life, everything to do with home and order has crumbled into dust in the general upheaval and reorganization of society. The whole human way of life has been destroyed and ruined. All that's left is the naked human soul stripped to the last shred, for which nothing has changed because it was

© 1957 Giangiacomo Feltrinelli Editore, Milano, Italy © 1958 Pantheon Books Inc., New York

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

always cold and shivering and reaching out to its nearest neighbor, as cold and lonely as itself. You and I are like Adam and Eve, the first two people on earth who at the beginning of the world had nothing to cover themselves with—and now at the end of it we are just as naked and homeless. And you and I are the last remembrance of all that immeasurable greatness which has been created in the world in all the thousands of years between them and us, and it is in memory of all those vanished marvels that we live and love and weep and cling to one another. . . .

"We were married two years before the war. We were just beginning to make a life for ourselves, we had just set up our home, when the war broke out. I believe now that the war is to blame for everything, for all the misfortunes that followed and that hound our generation to this day. I remember my childhood well. I can still remember a time when we all accepted the peaceful outlook of the last century. It was taken for granted that you listened to reason, that it was right and natural to do what your conscience told you to do. For a man to die by the hand of another was a rare, an exceptional event, something quite out of the ordinary. Murders happened in plays, newspapers, and detective stories, not in everyday life.

"And then there was the jump from this peaceful, naïve moderation to blood and tears, to mass insanity, and to the savagery of daily, hourly, legalized, rewarded slaughter.

"I suppose one must always pay for such things. You must remember better than I do the beginning of disintegration, how everything began to break down all at once—trains and food supplies in towns, and the foundations of the family, and moral standards."

"Go on. I know what you'll say next. How well you see all these things. What a joy to listen to you!"

"It was then that untruth came down on our land of Russia. The main misfortune, the root of all the evil to come, was the loss of confidence in the value of one's own opinion. People imagined that it was out of date to follow their own moral sense, that they must all sing in chorus, and live by other people's notions, notions that were being crammed down everybody's throat. And then there arose the power of the glittering phrase, first the Tsarist, then the revolutionary.

"This social evil became an epidemic. It was catching. And it affected everything, nothing was left untouched by it. Our home, too, became infected. Something went wrong in it. Instead of being natural and spontaneous as we had always been, we began to be idiotically pompous with each other. Something showy, artificial, forced crept into our conversation—you felt you had to be clever in a certain way about certain world-important themes. How could Pasha, who was so discriminating, so exacting with himself, who distinguished so unerringly between reality and appearance, how could he fail to notice the falsehood that had crept into our lives?"

The Partisans in the Forest

The convoy with the partisans' families, complete with children and belongings, had long been following the main partisan force. After it, behind the wagons, came vast herds of cattle, mainly cows—several thousand of them.

With the arrival of the womenfolk a new figure appeared in the camp. This was Zlydarikha or Kubarikha, a soldier's wife who was a cattle healer, a veterinarian, and also, secretly, a witch. She went about in a little pancake hat cocked on her head and a pea-green Royal Scots Fusiliers overcoat, which formed part of the British equipment supplied to the Supreme Ruler, and she assured everyone that she had made them out of a prisoner's cap and uniform. She said that the Reds had liberated her from the Kezhemsk jail where for some unknown reason Kolchak had kept her.

The partisans had now moved to a new campground. They were supposed to stay there only until the neighborhood had been reconnoitered and suitable winter quarters found. But as a result of unforeseen developments they were to spend the winter there.

This new camp was quite unlike the old one. The forest around it was a dense, impenetrable taiga. On one side, away from the camp and the highway, there was no end to it. In the early days, while the tents were being pitched and Yurii Andreievich had more leisure, he had explored the forest in several directions and found that one could easily get lost in it. Two places had struck him in the course of these excursions and remained in his memory.

One was at the edge of the taiga, just outside the camp. The forest was autumnally bare, so that you could see into it as through an open gate; here a splendid, solitary, rust-colored rowan tree had alone kept its leaves. Growing on a mound that rose above the low, squelchy, hummocky marsh, it reached into the sky, holding up the flat round shields of its hard crimson berries against the leaden late-autumn sky. Small birds with feathers as bright as frosty dawns—bullfinches and tomtits—settled on the rowan tree and picked the largest berries, stretching out their necks and throwing back their heads to swallow them.

There seemed to be a living intimacy between the birds and the tree, as if it had watched them for a long time refusing to do anything, but in the end had had

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pity on them and given in and fed them like a nurse unbuttoning her blouse to give breast to a baby. "Well, all right, all right," it seemed to be saying with a smile, "eat me, have your fill."

THE OTHER PLACE was even more remarkable. This was on a height that fell off steeply on one side. Looking down, you felt that at the bottom of the escarpment there should be something different from what was on top—a stream or a hollow or a wild field overgrown with seedy, uncut grass. But in fact it was a repetition of the same thing, only at a giddy depth, as if the forest had simply sunk to a lower level with all its trees, so that the treetops were now underfoot. There must have been a landslide there at some time.

It was as if the grim, gigantic forest, marching at cloud level, had stumbled, lost its footing, and hurtled down, all in one piece, and would have dropped right through the earth if it had not, by a miracle, saved itself at the last moment—so that there it was now, safe and sound, rustling below.

But what made the high place in the forest remarkable was something else. All along its edge it was locked in by granite boulders standing on end, looking like the flat stones of prehistoric dolmens. When Yurii Andreievich came across this stony platform for the first time, he was ready to swear that it was not of natural origin, that it bore the mark of human hands. It might well have been the site of an ancient pagan shrine, where prayers and sacrifices had once been offered by unknown worshipers.

It was here that the death sentence against eleven ringleaders of a conspiracy and two male nurses condemned for brewing vodka was carried out one cold, sullen morning.

Twenty of the most loyal partisans, including a core of the commander's bodyguard, brought the condemned men to the spot. Then the escort closed around them in a semicircle, rifles in hand, and advancing at a quick, jostling pace drove them to the edge of the platform, where there was no way out except over the precipice.

As a result of questioning, long imprisonment, and maltreatment they had lost their human appearance. Black, hairy, and haggard, they were as terrible as ghosts. They had been disarmed when they were arrested and it had not even occurred to anyone to search them again before the execution. Such a search would have seemed superfluous and vile, a cruel mockery of men so close to death.

But now, suddenly, Rzhanitsky, a friend of Vdovichenko, who walked beside him and who, like him, was an old anarchist, fired three shots at the guards, aiming at Sivobluy. He was an excellent marksman but his hand shook in his excitement and he missed. Once again, tactfulness and pity for their former comrades kept the guards from falling on him or shooting him down at once for his attempt. Rzhanitsky had three unspent bullets left in his revolver, but maddened by his failure and perhaps, in his agitation, forgetting that they were there, he flung his Browning against the rocks. It went off a fourth time, wounding one of the condemned men, Pachkolia, in the foot.

Pachkolia cried out, clutched his foot, and fell, screaming with pain. The two men nearest him, Pafnutkin and Gorazdykh, raised him and dragged him by the arms, so that he should not be trampled to death by his comrades, who no longer knew what they were doing. Unable to put down his wounded foot, Pachkolia hopped and limped toward the rocky ledge where the doomed men were being driven, and he screamed without stopping. His inhuman shrieks were infectious. As though at a given signal, everyone lost his self-control. An indescribable scene followed. The men swore loudly, begged for mercy, prayed and cursed.

The young Galuzin, who still wore his yellow-braided school cap, removed it, fell on his knees, and, still kneeling, edged backward following the rest of the crowd toward the terrible stones. Bowing repeatedly to the ground before the guards and crying loudly, he chanted, quite beside himself:

"Forgive me, comrades, I'm sorry, I won't do it again, please let me off. Don't kill me. I haven't lived yet. I want to live a little longer, I want to see my mother just once more. Please let me off, comrades, please forgive me. I'll do anything for you. I'll kiss the ground under your feet. Oh, help, help, Mother, I'm done for!"

Someone else, hidden in the crowd, chanted:

"Good comrades, kind comrades! Is this possible? In two wars we fought together! We stood up and fought for the same things! Let us off, comrades, have pity on us. We'll repay your kindness, we'll be grateful to you all our lives, we will prove it to you. Are you deaf, or what? Why don't you answer? Aren't you Christians?"

Others screamed at Sivobluy:

"Judas! Christ-killer! If we are traitors, you are a traitor three times over. You dog, may you be strangled! You killed your lawful Tsar, to whom you took your oath, you swore loyalty to us and you betrayed us. Go ahead, kiss your Forester, that devil, before you betray him! You'll betray him too!"

Even at the edge of the grave Vdovichenko remained true to himself. His head high, his gray hair streaming in the wind, he spoke to Rzhanitsky as one fellow anarchist to another, in a voice loud enough to be heard by all:

"Don't humble yourself! Your protest will not reach them. These new *oprichniki,* these master executioners of the new torture chambers, will never understand you! But don't lose heart. History will tell the truth. Posterity will pillory the Bourbons of the commissarocracy together with their dirty deeds. We die as martyrs for our ideals at the dawn of the world revolution. Long

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

live the revolution of the spirit! Long live world anarchy!"

A volley of twenty shots, discharged at some inaudible command caught only by the riflemen, mowed down half the condemned men, killing most of them outright. The rest were shot down by another salvo. The boy, Terioshka Galuzin, twitched longest, but finally he too lay still.

An old Russian folk song is like water held back by a dam. It looks as if it were still and were no longer flowing, but in its depths it is ceaselessly rushing through the sluice gates and the stillness of its surface is deceptive. By every possible means, by repetitions and similes, the song slows down the gradual unfolding of its theme. Then at some point it suddenly reveals itself and astounds us. That is how the song's sorrowing spirit comes to expression. The song is an insane attempt to stop time by means of its words.

Kubarikha half sang and half recited:

"As a hare was running about the wide world,
About the wide world, over the white snow,
He ran, the lop-eared hare, past a rowan tree,
Past a rowan tree, and complained to it:
Have I not, he said, a timorous heart,
A timorous heart, so faint and weak?
I am frightened, he said, of the wild beast's tracks,
Wild beast's tracks, the wolf's hungry belly.
Pity me, O rowan bush! O fair rowan tree!
Do not give thy beauty to the wicked enemy,
The wicked enemy, the wicked raven.
Scatter thy red berries to the wind,
To the wind, over the wide world, over the white snow.
Fling them, roll them to my native town,
To the far end of the street, the last house,
The last house in the street, the last window, the room
Where she has shut herself in,
My beloved, my longed-for love.
Whisper to my grieving love, my bride,
A warm, an ardent word.
I, a soldier, languish in captivity,
Homesick I am, poor soldier, kept in foreign parts.
I'll break from durance bitter,
I'll go to my red berry, to my lovely bride."

Agafia Fotievna, Pamphil's wife, had brought her sick cow to Kubarikha. The cow had been separated from the herd and tethered to a tree by a rope tied to her horns. Her mistress sat on a tree stump by the cow's forelegs and Kubarikha, on a milking stool, by her hind legs.

The rest of the countless herd was crammed into a glade, hemmed in all around by the dark forest of triangular firs, as tall as hills and rising from their spreading lower branches as if they were squatting on fat bottoms on the ground.

The cows were mostly black with white spots and belonged to some Swiss breed popular in Siberia. They were exhausted, no less exhausted than their owners by privations, endless wandering, and intolerable crowding. Rubbing flank to flank and maddened by the lack of space, they forgot their sex and reared and climbed on top of one another, pulling up their heavy udders with an effort and roaring like bulls. The heifers who were covered by them broke away from underneath and rushed off into the forest, tails in the air and trampling shrubs and branches. Their herdsmen—old men and children—ran shieking after them.

And as if they too were hemmed in by the tight circle of treetops in the winter sky above the glade, the black and white clouds reared and piled and toppled as chaotically as the cows.

The knot of curious onlookers who stood at a distance annoyed the witch, and she measured them from top to toe with a hostile look. But, vain as an artist, she felt that it was beneath her dignity to admit that they embarrassed her. She pretended not to notice them. The doctor watched her from the back of the crowd, where she could not see him.

This was the first time he took a good look at her. She wore her usual English cap and pea-green overcoat with its crumpled collar. But the haughty and passionate expression that gave a youthful fire and darkness to this aging woman's eyes showed plainly that she did not care in the least what she was wearing or not wearing.

What astonished Yurii Andreievich was the change in Pamphil's wife. He could scarcely recognize her. In the last few days she had aged terribly. Her goggling eyes were almost ready to pop out of their sockets and her neck was as thin and long as a cart shaft. Such was the effect upon her of her secret fears.

"She doesn't give any milk, my dear," she was saying. "I thought she might be in calf, but then she would have had milk by now and she still hasn't any."

"Why should she be in calf? You can see the scab of anthrax on her udder. I'll give you some herb ointment to rub it with. And of course I'll cast a spell on her."

"My other trouble is my husband."

"I'll charm him back, so he won't stray. That's easy. He'll stick to you so you won't be able to get rid of him. What's your third trouble?"

"It isn't that he strays. That would be nothing. The misfortune is that he clings to me and the children with all his might, and that breaks his heart. I know

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

what he thinks. He thinks they'll separate the camps, that they will send us one way and him another. And that we'll fall into the hands of Bassalygo's men and he won't be there and we won't have anyone to stand up for us. And that they'll torture us, they'll rejoice in our torments. I know his thoughts. I'm afraid he'll do away with himself."

"I'll think about it. I'll find a way to end your grief. What's your third trouble?"

"I haven't a third one. That's all there is—my cow and my husband."

"Well, you are poor in sorrows, my dear. See how merciful God has been to you! Such as you are hard to find. Only two sorrows in your poor heart, and one of them a fond husband! Well, let's begin. What will you give me for the cow?"

"What will you take?"

"I'll have a loaf of bread and your husband."

The onlookers burst out laughing.

"Are you joking?"

"Too much, is it? All right, I'll do without the loaf. We'll settle for your husband."

The laughter grew louder.

"What's the name? Not your husband's, your cow's."

"Beauty."

"Half the herd is called that. All right. We'll start with God's blessing."

THE WOMAN was saying:

"Aunt Margesta, come and be our guest. Come on Wednesday, take away the pest, take away the spell, take away the scab. Ringworm, leave the heifer's udder. Stand still, Beauty, do your duty, don't upset the pail. Stand still as a hill, let milk run and rill. Terror, terror, show your mettle, take the scab, throw them in the nettle. Strong as a lord is the sorcerer's word.

"You see, Agafia, you have to know everything—bidding and forbidding, the word for escaping and the word for safekeeping. Now you, for example, you look over there and you say to yourself: 'There's a forest.' But what there is over there is the forces of evil fighting the angelic hosts—they're at war like your men with Bassalygo's.

"Or take another example, look over there where I'm pointing. You're looking the wrong way, my dear, use your eyes, not the back of your head, look where my finger is pointing. That's right! Now, what do you think that is? You think it's two twigs that the wind has tangled together? Or a bird building its nest? Well, it isn't either. That thing is a real devil's work, a garland the water spirit started weaving for her daughter. She heard people coming by; that frightened her, so she left it half done, but she'll finish it one of these nights, you will see.

"Or again, take your red banner. You think it's a flag, isn't that what you think? Well, it isn't a flag. It's the purple kerchief of the death woman, she uses it for luring. And why for luring? She waves it and she nods and winks and lures young men to come and be killed, then she sends famine and plague. That's what it is. And you went and believed her. You thought it was a flag. You thought it was: 'Come to me, all ye poor and proletarians of the world.'

"You have to know everything these days, Agafia my girl, every single thing. What every bird is and every stone and every herb. That bird, for example, that's a starling. And that beast is a badger.

"Now, another thing, suppose you take a fancy to someone, you just tell me. I'll make him pine for you, whoever he is—your Forester, the one who is your chief, if you like, or Kolchak or Ivan Tsarevich—anyone. You think I'm boasting? I am not. Now look, I'll tell you. When winter comes with blizzards and whirlwind and snowspouts chasing each other in the fields, I will stick a knife into such a pillar of snow, right up to the hilt, and when I take it out of the snow, it will be red with blood. Have you ever heard of such a thing? Well, there you are! And you thought I was boasting. Now, how can it be, you tell me, that blood should come out of a snowspout that is made only of wind and snow? That's just it, my dear, that whirlwind isn't just wind and snow, it's a werewolf, a changeling that's lost its little bewitched child and is looking for it, it goes about the fields crying and looking for it. That is what I struck with my knife, that is why there is blood on it. Now, with that knife I can cut away the footprint of any man, and I can sew it with a silk thread to your skirt, and that man—whoever he is, Kolchak, or Strelnikov, or any new Tsar they set up—will follow you step by step wherever you go. And you thought I was telling lies! You thought it was: 'Come to me, all ye poor and proletarians of the world.'

"And many other things there are, such as stones raining from heaven, so that a man may go forth out of his house and the stones rain upon him. Or, as some have seen, horsemen riding through the sky, the horses' hoofs hitting the tops of the houses. Or as sorcerers prophesied of old, saying: 'In this woman there is corn, in that one honey, in a third marten fur.' And the knight opened the shoulder of the woman, as if it were a casket, and with his sword took out of her shoulder blade a measure of corn or a squirrel or a honeycomb."

OCCASIONALLY we experience a deep and strong feeling. Such a feeling always includes an element of pity. The more we love, the more the object of our love seems to us to be a victim. In the case of some men, compassion for a woman exceeds all measure and transports her to an unreal, entirely imaginary world.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Such men are jealous of the very air she breathes, of the laws of nature, of everything that happened in the world before she was born.

Yurii Andreievich was sufficiently well read to suspect that Kubarikha's last words repeated the opening passage of an ancient chronicle, either of Novgorod or Epatievo, but so distorted by copyists and the sorcerers and bards who had transmitted them orally for centuries that its original meaning had been lost. Why, then, had he succumbed so completely to the tyranny of the legend? Why did this gibberish, this absurd talk, impress him as if it were describing real events?

Larisa's left shoulder had been cut open. Like a key turning in the lock of a secret safe, the sword unlocked her shoulder blade and the secrets she had kept in the depths of her soul came to light. Unfamiliar towns, streets, rooms, countrysides unrolled like a film, whole reels of film, unfolding, discharging their contents.

How he loved her! How beautiful she was! In exactly the way he had always thought and dreamed and wanted! Yet what was it that made her so lovely? Was it something that could be named and analyzed? No, a thousand times no! She was lovely by virtue of the matchlessly simple and swift line that the Creator had, at a single stroke, drawn all around her, and in this divine form she had been handed over, like a child tightly wrapped in a sheet after its bath, into the keeping of his soul.

And what had happened to him now, where was he? In a Siberian forest with the partisans, who were encircled and whose fate he was to share. What an unbelievable, absurd predicament! Once again everything in his head and before his eyes became confused, blurred. At that moment, instead of snowing as had been expected, it began to drizzle. Like a huge banner stretching across a city street, there hung before him in the air, from one side of the forest glade to the other, a blurred and greatly magnified image of a single, astonishing, idolized head. The apparition wept, and the rain, now more intense, kissed and watered it.

"Go along now," said the witch to Agafia. "I have charmed your cow, she will get well. Pray to the Mother of God, who is the abode of light and the book of the living word."

The Funeral and a Farewell

Through the open door of the passage could be seen one end of the room with the table placed at an angle in the corner. On the table the coffin, like a roughly carved canoe, pointed at the door with its lower, narrow end, which bore the feet of the corpse. It was the same table at which Yurii Andreievich had done his writing; the room had no other. The manuscripts had been put away in a drawer, and the coffin stood on the top. His head was raised on a mound of pillows, and his body lay in the coffin as on a hillside.

He was surrounded by a great many flowers, whole bushes of white lilac, hard to find at this season, cyclamen and cineraria in pots and baskets. The flowers screened the light from the windows. The light filtered thinly through the banked flowers to the waxen face and hands of the corpse and the wood and lining of the coffin. Shadows lay on the table in a pattern of leaves and branches as if they had just stopped swaying.

The custom of cremating the dead had by this time become widespread. In the hope of a pension for the children, and to ensure their education and Marina's position at the post office, it had been decided to dispense with a church service and simply have a civil cremation. The authorities had been notified and their representatives were expected.

In the interval the room seemed empty, like premises vacant between the going of one set of tenants and the coming of another. The stillness was broken only by the unwitting shuffling of the mourners as they tiptoed in to take their leave of the dead.

In these hours when the silence, unaccompanied by any ceremony, became oppressive as if it were an almost tangible privation, only the flowers compensated for the absence of the ritual and the chant. Perhaps hastening the return to dust, they poured forth their scent as in a choir and, steeping everything in their exhalation, seemed to take over the function of the Office for the Dead.

The vegetable kingdom can easily be thought of as the nearest neighbor of the kingdom of death. Perhaps the mysteries of evolution and the riddles of life that so puzzle us are contained in the green of the earth, among the trees and the flowers of graveyards. Mary Magdalene did not recognize Jesus risen from the grave, "supposing Him to be the gardener. . . ."

Larisa Feodorovna went up to the table with the coffin on it, quickly crossing herself, made three sweeping signs of the Cross over the body and pressed her lips to the cold forehead and hands. For a moment she stood still and silent, neither thinking nor crying, bowed over the coffin, the flowers, and the body, shielding them with her whole being.

They loved each other, not driven by necessity, by the "blaze of passion" often falsely ascribed to love. They loved each other because everything around them willed it, the trees and the clouds and the sky over their heads and the earth under their feet. Perhaps their surrounding world, the strangers they met in the street, the wide expanses they saw on their

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

walks, the rooms in which they lived or met, took more delight in their love than they themselves did.

Ah, that was just what had united them and had made them so akin! Never, never, even in their moments of richest and wildest happiness, were they unaware of a sublime joy in the total design of the universe, a feeling that they themselves were a part of that whole, an element in the beauty of the cosmos.

This unity with the whole was the breath of life to them. And the elevation of man above the rest of nature, the modern coddling and worshiping of man, never appealed to them. A social system based on such a false premise, as well as its political application, struck them as pathetically amateurish and made no sense to them.

And now she took her leave of him, addressing him in the direct language of everyday life. Her speech, though lively and informal, was not down-to-earth. Like the choruses and monologues of ancient tragedies, like the language of poetry or music, or any other conventional mode of expression, its logic was not rational but emotional. The rhetorical strain in her effortless, spontaneous talk came from her grief. Her simple, unsolemn words were drenched in tears.

It was these tears that seemed to hold her words together in a tender, quick whispering like the rustling of silky leaves in a warm, windy rain.

"At last we are together again, Yurochka. And in what a terrible way God has willed our reunion. Can you conceive of such misfortune! I cannot, cannot. Oh, God! I can't stop crying. Think of it! It's again so much in our style, made to our measure. Your going—my end. Again something big, irreparable. The riddle of life, the riddle of death, the enchantment of genius, the enchantment of unadorned beauty—yes, yes, these things were ours. But the small worries of practical life—things like the reshaping of the planet—these things, no, thank you, they are not for us.

"Farewell, my great one, my kin, farewell, my pride, farewell, my swift, deep little river. How I loved your day-long splashing, how I loved to plunge into your cold waves."

(Pasternak ends his book with a number of poems, which he says were found after Dr. Zhivago's death.)

Star of the Nativity

It was wintertime.
The wind blew from the plain
And the infant was cold
In the cave on the slope of a knoll.

The breath of an ox served to warm Him.
The cattle were huddling
Within the cave.
Warmth hovered in a mist over the manger.

Up on a cliff shepherds shook from their sheepskins
The straws from their pallets
And stray grains of millet
And sleepily stared into the midnight distance.

Far off were fields covered over with snow,
And a graveyard, and gravestones and fences,
A cart with its shafts deep in a snowdrift
And, over the graveyard, a star-studded sky.

And seemingly near yet unseen until then,
Its light more timorous than that of a tallow dip
Set in the window of some watchman's hut,
A star glimmered over the road to Bethlehem.

Now it looked like a hayrick blazing
Off to one side from heaven and God;
Like the reflection of an arsonous fire,
Like a farmstead in flames or a threshing floor burning.

It reared in the sky like a fiery stack
Of straw, of hay,
In the midst of a Creation startled, astounded
By this new Star.

An increasing redness that was like a portent
Was glowing above it.
And three stargazers heeded, and hasted
To answer the call of these unwonted lights.

Gift-laden camels plodded behind them,
And caparisoned asses, each one smaller and smaller,
Were daintily, cautiously descending a hill.

And all of the things that were to come after
Sprang up in the distance as a strange prevision:
All the thoughts of the ages, all the dreams, all the worlds,
All the future of galleries and of museums,

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

All the pranks of goblins, all the works of the workers of miracles,
All the yule trees on earth, all the dreams of small children,
All the warm glow of tremulous candles, all chains,
All the magnificence of brightly hued tinsel. . . .
(Ever more cruel, more raging, the wind blew from the plain.)
. . . All rosy-cheeked apples, all the blown-glass gold globes.

Part of the pond was screened by alders
But, beyond rook nests among the treetops,
Part could be seen clearly from the brink of the cliff.
The shepherds could mark well the camels and asses
Threading their way at the edge of the milldam.
"Let us go with all others and worship the miracle,"
Said they, and muffled their sheepskins about them.

Plowing through snow made their bodies feel warm.
Tracks of bare feet, glinting like mica,
Led over the bright plain and beyond the inn's hut,
And the dogs sighting these tracks by the Star's light
Growled at them as if at a candle end's flame.

The frosty night was like a fairy tale,
And some beings from the snow-crushed mountain ridge
Were mingling constantly, unseen, with all the others.
The dogs were wavering, looking back in terror,
And, in dire foreboding, cringed close to a young shepherd.

Through the same countryside, over the same highway
Some angels walked among the throng of mortals.
Their incorporeality made them invisible
Yet each step they took left the print of a foot.

Day was breaking. The trunks of the cedars stood out.
A horde of men milled by the stone at the cave's mouth.
"Who are you?" Mary asked them.
"We are from a shepherd tribe, and envoys of heaven.
We have come to sing praises to both of you."
"You cannot all enter. Bide a while here."

In the gloom before dawn, gray as cold ashes,
The drovers and shepherds stamped to keep warm.
Those come on foot bickered with those who came mounted.
Near the hollowed-out log that served as a water trough
The camels bellowed, the gray asses kicked out.

Day was breaking. Dawn swept the last of the stars
Off heaven's vault as if they were ash motes.
And Mary, out of all the countless multitude, allowed
Only the Magi to enter the cleft in the crag.

He slept, all refulgent, in the manger of oakwood,
Like a moonbeam within a deep-hollowed tree.
In lieu of sheepskins His body was warmed
By the lips of an ass and the nostrils of an ox.

The Magi stood in shadow (the byre seemed in twilight);
They spoke in whispers, groping for words.
Suddenly one, in deeper shadow, touched another
To move him aside from the manger, a little to the left.
The other turned: like a guest about to enter,
The Star of the Nativity was gazing upon the Maid.

Hamlet

The stir is over. I step forth on the boards.
Leaning against an upright at the entrance,
I strain to make the far-off echo yield
A cue to the events that may come in my day.

Night and its murk transfix and pin me,
Staring through thousands of binoculars.
If Thou be willing, Abba, Father,
Remove this cup from me.

I cherish this, Thy rigorous conception,
And I consent to play this part therein;
But another play is running at this moment,
So, for the present, release me from the cast.

And yet, the order of the acts has been schemed and plotted,
And nothing can avert the final curtain's fall.
I stand alone. All else is swamped by Pharisaism.
To live life to the end is not a childish task.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'It Is in Glasgow I Would Rather Be'

NAOMI MITCHISON

GLASGOW has a bad name. People say she is full of razor and bottle gangs, dirt, abortionists, rats, and drunks. No doubt they are right. My Scottish friends tell me that this is all due to the Irish. No doubt, no doubt. But I used to walk back across the Gorbals, which is the most notorious part of Glasgow, with slums a century old, late at night after the trams had stopped, and I almost always lost my way. I would then ask the nearest gangster, who would be standing in the mouth of some dark and dirty archway or leaning against a lamppost sharpening his razor on his bottle, which was the way to the station. "Come wi' me, Hen," he would say, taking my arm, and he would see me to the station. Not once was I murdered. And this colors my view of Glasgow. I was born in beautiful, noble Edinburgh, I know it well and love it, but if I were poor and lost and unhappy it is in Glasgow I would rather be.

In those days I was rehearsing a play at the Citizens Theatre, which is cheap, tumbledown, and drafty, with the stuffing out of far too many of the seats. But most of the good Scots actors learn their job there, and the younger Scottish playwrights get a chance of having their plays put on. Mine was a play about herring fishing on the Clyde, written in collaboration with a fisherman, and they took plenty of trouble over it, with the result that it ran an extra week. Men came who had never been in the theater before, but this was about folk like themselves. They had been at the fishing, some of them, and then maybe drifted into Glasgow, for Glasgow catches that drift of the dispossessed and unlucky from all the Gaeltacht, the western country of the Gaels.

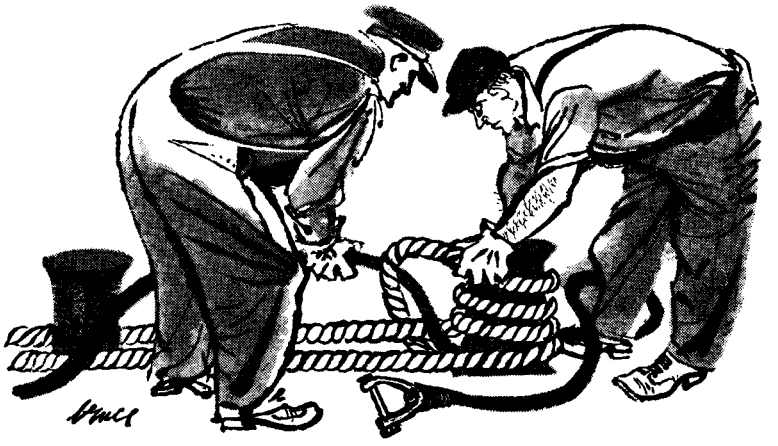
And that is what makes Glasgow like a village, warm, friendly, and helpful but full of local quarrels and—yes, they are sometimes fought out with bottles and really astonishing bad language, none of the dull repetitive stuff of the south but a great flowering and branching of blasphemy and obscenity with a great lilt and swing to it. Highland people have been dispossessed for a century and a half, and Glasgow has grown by taking them into her arms. Crofters and fishermen have come from the islands in the northwest. Some of them have flourished but others stayed packed in the stone-built slums where cholera and typhus raged in the early nineteenth century. Those who survived developed a curious city dialect that makes hay of the consonants.

YET there is plenty of Gaelic spoken in Glasgow. You hear it at the ceilidhs and concerts which are given by the clan societies, or at the Highlanders' Institute, where there is good piping and all the fascinating technical gossip that goes with it. But you will also hear a good many Irish voices, and the trouble is that some of them are from Ulster and some are from Eire. You will get Orange processions in Glasgow and the police out in force, but it is at the football that the thing really comes out and Celtic and Rangers supporters howl at one another like anthropoids. There was, they say, a spectator once who applauded both sides, his Roman Catholic neighbors beaming when he cheered Celtic, his Protestant neighbors delighted when he cheered Rangers. But at last one of them, and I am not saying which, questioned him as to which he really supported. "Neither of the two of them," said the man; "I'm cheering a good bit of football." "Ach!" said his questioner, "you're nothing but a bloody atheist!"

You can't get a taxi in Glasgow on the Saturdays of the big matches, but the rest of us go our ways on busses, such of the old tramcars as are still running, and the Glasgow underground, which is dingier than one would think possible.

Single Ends and the 'Red Clyde'

Still, what an almost beautiful city some of it is! It is built on more and steeper hills than Rome; steep streets of fog-greased cobbles still lead up over ridges of rock that no town planner has blasted away. The splendid dirty Clyde swirls down, bigger than Tiber, edged with dockyards, enormous cranes, the slamming and clanging of steel. If you want to cross it below the bridges you must take a ferry, and the smaller ferryboats swing and rock in the brown current till you wish your car had chocks under it. Those small ferries are free, taking you from one dock area into another, where the men pour out after work in a kind of



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

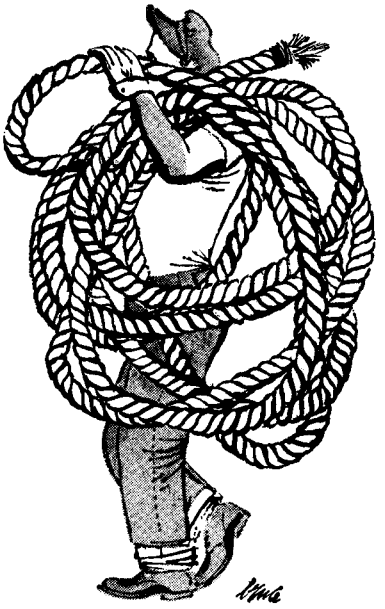
angry determination into womanless, collarless, unshaved crowds.

There is the older part of Glasgow around the black unlovely cathedral. But most of it is built over, though the old names persist—Trongate and Gallowgate. There are high dark tenements, mean-windowed, sad, and grubby. Wastepaper blows about the common stairs, children yell. You find the cheapest sweets and nastiest horror comics. But there is also the respectable eighteenth- and early nineteenth-century-planned Glasgow, of which the finest part is Blythswood Square, though it does not touch the squares and terraces in the "new town" of Edinburgh. Many of the decent dull streets were built about this time. Look up above the line of the shops, the small grocer, baker, or tobacconist. You will be startled by the good proportions of windows and the handsome stonework, smothered as it is in soot.

Many of the earlier buildings have gone, and I cannot regret them. I remember visiting them with the assistant medical officer in the terrible thirties, when Glasgow men were out of work and hungry, when you saw obvious cases of rickets in the streets and it was clear why the "Red Clyde" had got its nickname: no decent person could have put up with things as they were. He took me into some of the old closes, picturesquely named, looking like fortresses with a circular stone stair and off it the single end, the old one-room tenement, in a medieval huddle. "Keep your hat on," he said, "and stand well away from the walls." When he shone his torch up I saw the reason crawling around. Also the rats in the stone middens were outsize rats.

The 'Green Ladies' Are Welcome

All this has gone. The single-enders have been rehoused in sanitary modern council houses in the astonishingly dull and somehow lifeless housing estates that lie at the ends of the bus lines. But there are still some uncleared slums in Glasgow and a huge housing list. The women slum dwellers still carry their babies happed, as we Scots would say, in the neuk of a plaid, and their better-off neighbors taunt them as shawlies and point out that they don't bother to wear stockings. But I used to carry my own babies the same way. You take one end of the shawl or plaid tight around the baby, who lies up against your left shoulder; the free end of the plaid goes under the right arm and over the left, across the baby again and then tucked firmly in so that it can't slip, and you have both arms free. It's not a bad way of carrying babies up and down tenement stairs and out shopping in a crowd.



These slums can be tough, and the folk not maybe pleased to see outsiders, but the "Green Ladies," as they call the green-uniformed Glasgow Corporation health visitors, are welcome everywhere. Glasgow Corporation is called many names; some of them are deserved, though I don't suppose it is any worse than city governments are in other countries. It does at least support out of the rates a very fine art gallery, which has lately acquired the Burrell Collections—pictures, silver, and antiques well worth seeing. There are visiting exhibitions too, and many a decent Glasgow housewife went to mock at the Van Goghs but suddenly found herself overwhelmed.

Of course, there is also the Glasgow you see coming out from one of the big hotels. Buchanan Street and Sauchiehall ("sauch" as in "loch") Street are straight and have broad sidewalks, fashion and furniture shops, and well-dressed crowds. The visitor can find good restaurants where he can dine well and sample an excellent cellar. But Glasgow itself has high tea, stuffing itself with carbohydrates to weigh down perhaps a certain Highland lightheartedness or even featherheadedness that might otherwise lead it into extremes.

For it is not in every great city that a whole busload of men and women can be set off into singing, as I have known it happen on one of those busses that amble along from the Broomielaw into the west, and it was no film hit they sang but traditional Highland songs. Yet maybe to know it fully one should have seen Glasgow in the blackout, when any sensible woman carried a heavy flashlight ready to hit with, or in the blitz, with the endless gray streets of smoking ruins and the smashed roofs dripping slates and the blitz jokes giving courage to all.

I CANNOT THINK that one would mix Glasgow up with any other capital or near-capital city, though it has a population of over a million—more if you count in the outlying suburbs of "Greater Glasgow"—against Edinburgh with less than half. It is, I suppose, mostly the voices in the streets. You will see the occasional kilt, but probably on some young hiker. But there are other things that are stubbornly Scottish, including perhaps a certain lack of elegance. There is money here, but it doesn't talk much.

When I knew Glasgow first, the Sabbaths were intolerable for all but the religious-minded. There was shutting down and shutting in. But now on a Saturday the climbers and youth hostelers go off with their gear into the beautiful country that lies around Glasgow, the Lomonds and Campsies, the lochs and rocks. The crane and scaffolding men well used to heights may perhaps join the Creagh Dhu, toughest of climbing clubs, which once went to Switzerland for a holiday but ran out of cash, so fought and laid out the Swiss guides and for a day or two conducted tourist climbers themselves and pocketed the money—or so they say. For Glasgow is full of stories of its own prowess, its own wickedness, drunkenness, and lechery. It likes to laugh at things and take them down a bit, even the things it loves best.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Bard in Ontario

GERALD WEALES

With its sixth season, Canada's Stratford Festival has begun to pass into middle age. If some of the original excitement has gone, it has been replaced by a professional solidity that has allowed Stratford to become a smoothly functioning tourist center.

Before the Festival opened in 1953, Stratford had just three apparent assets. First, its name. Second, a narrow band of green park along its twisting, swan-filled Avon River, a suitable site for a theater. Third, the presence of Tom Patterson, the Festival's founder, a man with imagination enough to see that a festival was possible, energy enough to get it under way, and insight enough to depend on professionals—such as director Tyrone Guthrie and designer Tanya Moiseiwitsch—to lift it out of the amateur brackets right from the beginning.

At first only Shakespeare was available to visitors. The Festival had not been long alive, however, when its directors realized that with no Anne Hathaway Cottage to drag tourists on long, Tudor-dotted rambles like those that England's Stratford provided, the hours between plays might hang heavily. In 1955, a music festival was added. This year, for instance, there has been a production of John Gay's *The Beggar's Opera* and concerts by the New York Pro Musica, by folk singers, by jazz artists. There have been special offerings, such as Marcel Marceau and his Company and performances of *Le Malade Imaginaire* by Le Théâtre du Nouveau Monde, and for two weeks early in July there was the second International Film Festival.

The center of the Festival is the permanent theater, new last year, which is certainly one of the loveliest theater buildings in the world. The circular building, designed by Robert Fairfield of Toronto, showing wood, brick, and glass to the eye, is fluted around the top like an elegant apple pie, suggesting the tent that has been replaced. The attempt—largely a successful one—has been to give the building the air of celebration that the word "festival" implies. Inside, the theater is in some ways even more impressive. The backstage area is so mammoth that it will eventually house not only the dressing rooms and the costume and prop-work and storage rooms, but also the offices of the Festival. Around the original stage that Tanya Moiseiwitsch and Tyrone Guthrie designed for the tent theater—which with its large apron, its two acting levels, and its innumerable exits suggests the Elizabethan stage without aping it—Fairfield has repeated the old tent's mounting tiers of seats (now comfortably padded) and has added a balcony. The seats surround the stage on three sides and, for the most part, the sight lines are good from anywhere in the theater.

With such a pleasant setting, so magnificent a physical plant, and such a variety of cultural activities, it is perhaps ironic that the Festival's main event—the Shakespeare productions—should have become a little dull. To judge from the two plays I saw this year—*The Winter's Tale* and *King Henry IV, Part I*—much of the verve and spirit that characterized the productions I saw when I last visited Stratford, in 1955, have been lost. The Stratford Company has certainly never been a perfect one, but in 1955 its insufficiencies were still masked in enthusiasm. This year, the inadequate or merely adequate acting of most of the troupe, the frenzied and often pointless moving about, and the standard capering of the comics far outweighed the occasional flashes of intelligent interpretation, the still beautiful Moiseiwitsch costumes (is the best-dressed acting company in the hemisphere in danger of becoming simply a clotheshorse?), and the few good performances, that especially of the visiting Eileen Herlie as Paulina in *The Winter's Tale*.

The Summer's Tale

Around Toronto, I heard a number of explanations for the comparative dullness of this season's offerings. Some people blame Jason Robards, Jr., this year's visiting American star. Although his performance in *Long Day's Journey into Night* is one of my fondest theatrical memories, I have to admit that he is impossible as a Shakespearean actor. Princess Margaret, who attended a performance of *The Winter's Tale* in July, is supposed to have said to Robards when she met the cast backstage, "It's nice to hear Shakespeare spoken in a loud American voice." There was little else she could say. I do not mind Robards' American accent, but his phrasing of the verse is so improbable that the

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

meaning often disappears completely. Alongside Canada's Christopher Plummer, one of the few interesting actors in the group, Robards is admittedly distressing, but he cannot be the only one at fault. *Henry IV* is more Falstaff than it is Hotspur and, if Robards' Hotspur is inept, Douglas Campbell's booming, blustering Falstaff is the product of a technical awareness that gives a surface largeness to the fat knight without ever touching his comic greatness.

Toronto gossip has it that backstage differences between the imported Englishmen, grouped around Michael Langham, the Festival's artistic director, and the native Canadians have disrupted the company. It is true that a number of well-known Canadian actors who appeared with the company in its early years are absent—whether from choice or not—this summer.

Guthrie's Ghost

But I suspect that the real difficulty is the legacy of Tyrone Guthrie, who did so much to get the Festival on its feet in the beginning. A head of Guthrie stares out over the Exhibition Hall, but the bit of sculpture is not the only corner of Stratford that is forever Guthrie.

Both Langham, who directed *Henry IV,* and Douglas Campbell, who directed *The Winter's Tale,* have retained Guthrie's production mannerisms. The plays are full of sudden, violent, rushing movements that appear to have neither origin nor destination; the stage is often cluttered with unnecessary paraphernalia that defeats the cleanness of the stage design; and the characters in these plays carry flags and banners as relentlessly as characters in modern comedies carry cigarette lighters. The actors, as well as the directors, seem also to have carried their gestures over from the Guthrie productions into other seasons, other plays. Even in the original, Guthrie is not universally admired (there are those who think he sacrifices point to periphery), but his productions are always vital, even if the vitality sometimes becomes merely strident. The trouble with Stratford this year seems to be that it is following the Guthrie ritual after the spirit has departed.

HOW DOES THE U.S. LOOK ABROAD?

OTHER countries' picture of the United States can be—and often is—as unflattering as a passport photo.

This is not so surprising, for lack of information, misinformation and anti-American propaganda play a large part in creating this picture.

It follows, then, that a factual and balanced report on American politics and people would do a great deal to clarify our image abroad.

And this is precisely what THE REPORTER today is bringing to readers overseas. As a reader of THE REPORTER, you know how the magazine does this job—and many of our readers abroad realize it, too. For THE REPORTER is being enthusiastically welcomed around the world. We've received scores of letters from editors, government officials, businessmen and students who praise THE REPORTER as the only American journal which consistently does full justice to the United States political and intellectual climate.

These foreign readers have also pointed out that THE REPORTER not only helps them to understand us—it helps them realize, too, that many of us understand them.

As you know only too well, America and her friends overseas have never needed faith and confidence in each other more urgently than today. You can help these people to know us as we are by sending THE REPORTER to your friends in other countries.

At our special introductory rate to foreign subscribers, you can send

the next 18 issues
for only $4.07
(Includes foreign postage)

Their subscriptions will begin as soon as we receive your order, so why not mail the reply card bound in this issue? Charge your order if you like—we'll be glad to bill you later.

Foreign rates: 1 year $7, 2 years $11.50, 3 years $15

Regular rates apply in Canada and the Pan American Union

THE REPORTER
the Magazine of Facts and Ideas
136 East 57th Street, New York 22, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'It Is Still, Alas, Good Friday'

SIDNEY ALEXANDER

THE SECRET OF LUCA, by Ignazio Silone. *Harper. $3.50.*

Ignazio Silone continues on his pilgrimage from Moscow to Assisi. His latest novel, an artfully contrived political-moral fable written with tenderness and gentle (almost sad) humor, is another station on this Italian writer's troubled journey of conscience. In his youth Silone was an affiliated Communist. Now he is a fellow-traveling Franciscan. This is an eremite's book, a retreat to the desert, a declaration that the problems of man's inhumanity to man are beyond politics altogether.

More than a decade ago, in *Atto di Rinascita* (quoted in part as preface to his play *And He Hid Himself*), Silone still believed in the possibilities of combining those two bodies of values which have most deeply affected him. Modern socialism ". . . to save itself, has gone beyond the narrow boundaries of the bourgeois spirit and has rediscovered its Christian ancestry. . . . In the sacred history of man on earth, it is still, alas, Good Friday. Men who 'hunger and thirst after righteousness' are still derided, persecuted, put to death. . . . The revolution of our epoch, promoted by politicians and economists, thus takes on the form of a 'sacred mystery,' with the very fate of man on earth for its theme . . ."

But now, apparently, this sanctification of socialism no longer seems possible. The marriage is off; the split selves of Silone continue their public dialogue.

Silone's reputation as a writer is a curious one. In his native Italy, to which he returned in 1944 after years of exile, Silone had long been considered primarily a political figure. During the next six years there was much more discussion of his fruitless efforts to bind the several independent socialist splinter parties into something stronger than a toothpick than there was of the novels—*Fontamara* and *Bread and Wine*—that had won him world fame. In recent years his reputation as a novelist has washed back to his native shore. Silone is now firmly rooted in that resurgence of "literature of the South" which characterizes contemporary Italian letters (as, in a quite different sense, it seems to characterize ours). But it is a mistake, it seems to me, to include Silone among the neo-realists who have so ardently depicted in films and novels the image of the *mezzogiorno*. For despite the documentary trappings, Silone is not a realist at all; he writes fables which allow him to perform a public examination of conscience. The landscape of the fable is anywhere man stands under the sky and wonders about his destiny. Thus the obsessive scene in so many of Silone's writings: the high mountain, the roadside shrine. A peasant figure appears—or perhaps it is a beggar, or a revolutionary drawn back to the village of his origin. He meditates upon the Cross a moment or two, then descends into the valley. It is always Friday.

What Then Is Truth?

In this novel the figure is Luca, released after forty years of imprisonment for a murder he did not commit. But Luca quickly disappears as a character; he serves primarily as a subject of inquiry for another native son who has returned: Andrea, the young man who had been in trouble during the Fascist régime and is now a successful politician in Rome. Andrea's life has been deeply influenced by the secret of Luca. Why had the villagers, all of whom knew that Luca was innocent, failed to testify in his behalf? More important, why had Luca refused to defend himself at his own trial? Andrea's search for the answers becomes a kind of philosophical detective story—on the level of action a search for facts, on the level of motivation a weighing of innocence and guilt, honor and betrayal.

It would be unfair to divulge what the secret turns out to be. But this reader, at any rate, felt cheated. A book which for the first half bids to be Silone's masterpiece fails to sustain that high promise. The paradox is that for all his warmth and humanity, Silone tends to search for the type rather than the individual. But a novelist is not dealing with Humanity; he is dealing with John and Giovanni. He must invest these individuals with the destiny of the species, not demonstrate the species in the individuals. The fur-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ther a novelist moves in the direction of selecting and depicting figures who will "stand for" tendencies, the more abstract his characters become, the further away he moves from the full-blooded reality of true fiction.

The results are odd when performed by an artist of Silone's nature: the lean prose is not swift, as one might expect, but very slow, for the characters must carry a tremendous load of suggestion; they are never merely themselves but rather symbolic representations of classes or tendencies within classes. Thus we have two priests: old Don Serafino, who believes in God, and young Don Franco, who believes in Public Works. These two, together with the inept mayor, the ardent young politician, the former judge, the seedy remnants of royalism, the suspicious townspeople—all these familiar figures move in a heavy medium of ritual because the author is primarily interested in them as elements in the social scene. Hence the carefully wrought simplicity and artful ambiguity are not, as in Hemingway, a reduction to the senses; they reveal, rather, an abstractive philosophical mind. Stab these characters and they bleed—ideas.

BUT ALTHOUGH this novel as a whole does not, in my judgment, rank with *Fontamara* or *A Handful of Blackberries,* there are fine moments in it. Significantly, its chief triumph is the portrait of the retired parish priest, Don Serafino. The old man who believes in simple bread and simple wine and simple love—is he not the same Christ image Silone has projected all along? There was Don Nicola of *A Handful of Blackberries,* the revolutionist disguised as a priest in several earlier works, and Brother Gioacchino of *And He Hid Himself* who is defrocked because he believes Christ remains in agony on the Cross so long as injustice remains in the social order.

So apparent contradictions sardonically and tragically coexist in Silone's world: dialectical materialism and the evil eye, anti-clericalism and deep Christian piety, the sacred story and the profane. "Scratch one story and you're sure to find another," Andrea finally cries when he learns the secret of Luca. "How is anyone to know which is true?"

All over the world

from Secretaries of State to editors, from writers to business executives,

the intelligent minority read the New Statesman

Britain's leading weekly review

These are the men whose decisions move the world—men for whom absolute accuracy, unquestioned authority and fearless objectivity in the interpretation of world affairs are prime essentials.

They, and half a million other thinking men and women, find these exacting standards completely fulfilled in Britain's top-selling and most influential weekly review, the NEW STATESMAN. The only paper in the world to number both John Foster Dulles and Nikita Khrushchev among its contributors, the NEW STATESMAN presents each week a brilliantly well-informed picture of what is happening in the world. With observers in all the main foreign centres and a home staff of some of the finest commentators in Britain, it provides a penetrating background to the headlines of world news.

Enlarged American Literature Number—free with this offer, if you write now

Other regular features in the NEW STATESMAN cover new books, the theatre, music, art, finance, chess. The literary section, famous throughout the world, reviews the cream of British publishing, giving the most distinguished commentary on current books available in Britain today. The 6 September issue is a greatly enlarged American Literature Number with articles by Edmund Wilson, Arthur Schlesinger jr., C. P. Snow, V. S. Pritchett and other outstanding writers and critics examining many aspects of the contemporary literary scene in America. This important issue will be sent *entirely FREE* to everyone who accepts the special offer below. But hurry! *Write today!*

An invitation to YOU

Mail the coupon direct to London *today* (postage 8¢ seamail; 15¢ airmail) with check, money order or bill for $5.00. This special privilege offer closes Sept. 30.

Special Offer Form—fill out and mail NOW

To: NEW STATESMAN, GREAT TURNSTILE, LONDON W.C.1, ENGLAND

I am not already reading your paper and enclose $5.00. Open a 40-week privilege subscription immediately—and send me your American Literature Number free.

Name .....
(BLOCK LETTERS, PLEASE)

Address .....
.....
..... R4

New Statesman

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Toast of Vienna And Then Some

WILLIAM HARLAN HALE

AND THE BRIDGE IS LOVE, by Alma Mahler Werfel. *Harcourt, Brace. $5.95.*

While many captivating and beautiful women surround themselves with brilliant, creative men and sometimes even marry them, it is rare for one woman to marry three such men in succession. Alma Mahler Werfel's three choices were such as to place her at the very hub of central European high culture over a period of forty of its most productive years, and her own brilliance made her to some degree also an arbiter of it. This chronicle of her marriages, loves, and friendships reads like an amatory, musical, and literary Baedeker to a world that flourished from the days of autumnal Austro-Hungarian splendor until the time when Hitler turned the lights off across the Continent. Although many of its actors survive, it already has the air of a distant past.

As Alma Mahler lived it, this epoch in the arts was a supranational one—the last wherein cultural Prague, Vienna, Berlin, and Paris were still so interrelated that one winsome woman might cut a wide swath through them all, moving from east to west and back again with little thought of any boundaries other than those of her own and her circle's imagination.

Nationalism was all right for the nationalists; but the central European intellectuals had their own many-sided empire—a sort of transcendental version of that of the Hapsburgs. The Hapsburgs went down, but the international of musicians, painters, poets, publicists, and psychoanalysts remained. Their bonds survived upheavals and revolutions, but not *Grossdeutschland* and its heir, the Iron Curtain. Much of the genius of Vienna at its zenith finally came to rest in the hills above Hollywood or in clinics in New York.

For an empire as static and ingrown as the Austria that served as its focus, this was a remarkably diverse, even insurgent culture—a singular example of a loose relationship between a nation and its own creative flowering. Yet while the old Austria-Hungary was caste-ridden and rigid, it was at least culturally "permissive"—which often meant that when it came to the newest in art, its official mentors just didn't care. Thus its atmosphere as the new century opened was far more hospitable to divergence and experiment than that of neighboring Germany, where the preposterous Emperor William set himself up as the arbiter of painting, sculpture, municipal architecture, public fountains, and the right sort of books for the young.

NO YOUNG SUBJECT of Francis Joseph was more born to the Viennese conventions and proprieties than Alma Schindler, daughter of an unexceptionable court painter. Yet by the time she was twenty she had embarked upon a career of cultural rebellion that was to lead her into a string of relationships that shocked the upper-class *"gute Gesellschaft"* but left all literate Vienna fascinated. It began in 1902, when she married Gustav Mahler, the dour, strident visionary who tyrannized the Vienna Opera by his uncompromising demands as its director-general, who furthermore wrote somber music unpleasing to ears grown soft on Johann Strauss—and who was twice Alma's age.

Young Alma was herself a budding composer, but Mahler ordered her to desist making music at once and simply encourage him with his. It was a tempestuous marriage that unquestionably helped Mahler attain his most daring creative heights—although to a young wife, sitting out of doors one day with her two little daughters, the sound of Mahler indoors composing his tragic songs of the death of children, the dark *Kindertotenlieder,* was unsettling.

After Mahler's death in 1911, Alma found a new love in a younger, even more rebellious artist in another medium—the mercurial poet and painter Oskar Kokoschka, soon to emerge as a leader of the German expressionist movement. German painting, which had missed the warm, humanizing transitional stage of French impressionism, jumped at once from the kind of picture postcards favored by Emperor William to outright fury on canvas, and Kokoschka, when Alma Mahler got to know him, was at his most furious and promising. Their relationship, unsanctified by clergy, continued for three impassioned years only to end when "O.K.," at the outbreak of the war, somewhat implausibly went into uniform to fight for the emperor.

Then another ardent new spirit appeared on the scene—the rising young Hamburg architect Walter Gropius, whose drastic application of new ideas of simplified form and functionalism had already astonished conservative, frill-loving central Europe. A new marriage ensued, in which Alma found herself drawn into the circle of such companions of Gropius as the painters Kandinski and Klee and into their life at the postwar German Bauhaus school, where revolt against bourgeois norms reached the point of subsisting on a faddist diet of uncooked mush smothered in garlic. The Bauhaus with its Spartan gruel has long since disappeared, but its legacy survives in America in the form of some of the starkest buildings erected in our time on Park Avenue.

YET EVEN BEFORE the First World War was over, Alma Mahler Gropius had conceived a new grand passion—this time for the still barely known poet and novelist Franz Werfel, a native of what was to become Czechoslovakia. For a while, in view of the cordiality between Werfel and Gropius, Alma found herself on the verge of an internationalization of her loves somewhat on the pattern of Mme. de Staël. But singleness of purpose soon won, and in due course she married Werfel, who during Austria's 1918 revolution tried to rally Vienna proletarians with calls to the barricades and who thereafter became an amiable fixture throughout the 1920's at the literary Café Herrenhof. Even then,

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

installed in her new home with "the sunniest of men," his wife recalls, "my love reached out beyond him, for all greatness and creativity in all men."

At this distance, this somewhat Wagnerian exuberance appears a little forbidding: one thinks of the carnivorous George Sand. Yet the union of the Vienna Catholic and the Prague Zionist survived, and in the end, when a full measure of reward as well as personal tragedy had been visited upon them, Alma stood by her husband and gave him encouragement when in exile he wrote that remarkable study in Christian devotion, *The Song of Bernadette* (inspired in part by the loss of their own child).

A Sad Sort of Spree

In retrospect, just how creative and far-reaching a cultural era had this really been? On the surface, from the vantage point of Alma Mahler Werfel, it was all brilliance. Personages as varied as Gerhart Hauptmann, Sigmund Freud, Arthur Schnitzler, Max Reinhardt, Bruno Walter, and Igor Stravinsky were her intimates. On one occasion, she had Arnold Schönberg's phenomenal new oratorio, the atonal *Pierrot Lunaire,* performed in her own music room under the direction of Darius Milhaud, in order "to bring this alien work closer to my friends, the Viennese musicians." On another, Maurice Ravel used her rooms to conduct a rehearsal. On a third, she journeyed with the composer Alban Berg to Prague for the premiere there of *his* insurgent work, the opera *Wozzeck,* only to be confronted by a riot in the audience. From America, Sinclair Lewis arrived and celebrated rather too freely while doing the town with the Werfels; in Paris, Werfel and James Joyce also did the town and ended by bawling Verdi duets; finally, everyone descended upon Italy for more writing and recreation.

Yet it was also a time whose exuberance was accompanied by increasing instability. Everyone knew that central Europe was headed for early division if not ultimate cultural extinction. (How different from the surer world of the intellectuals of Paris, always secure in their knowledge that if France was to be divided, it would only be against itself.) A portent of death—sometimes even a perverse love of darkness and death—hangs over the work of Alma's greatest loves, Mahler, Kokoschka, and Werfel. And they were only a few of the dramatists of the fall and decay of man, who included also Schnitzler, Hugo von Hofmannsthal, and the brothers Arnold and Stefan Zweig. The Vienna renaissance composed songs and drank champagne, yet it was not a joyous one. In fact, for all its coffeehouse expansiveness and personal liberation, it was perhaps the most somber and ingrown one that ever took place.

And in this, finally, it did reflect the strange, improbable, yet strategically placed Danubian country that had given it a home. For Austria, for all the legends of its gaiety and frivolity, had actually been one of the most prosaic corners of Europe for many generations. Its ruling dynasty had been Europe's dullest, and its leaders after 1918 were not much better. It had indulged in occasional revolutions only to fall into worse backwaters than before; it had harbored a Beethoven, a Schubert, and a Brahms, only to prefer to them in their lifetimes a Spohr, a Lanner, and a lilting Johann Strauss.

MADE UP in its time of German Austrians, Hungarians, Czechs, Poles, Slovaks, Slovenes, and Italians, it had been the only functioning supranational European entity to come into existence in the modern age. Yet the entity had never really functioned as one, since only the most correct and rigid German Austrians and the richest Magyars had ever been granted a place at the top. Almost the lowest on the scale were the Jews, and the Jews took refuge by making Vienna their own international capital. Mahler, Werfel, Reinhardt, Schnitzler, Freud, Walter, the Zweigs—in fact, perhaps nine-tenths of the men and women whom we associate with the peak of central Europe's cultural flowering after 1900—were Jews. This was their triumph, but in a sense it was also central Europe's limitation. The Hapsburgs, who cared nothing one way or the other about their civilization, were succeeded by Hitler, who readily found the means to crush it.

MIDAS MUFFLER SHOPS SELECTING DEALERS IN EXPANSION PROGRAM

We have taken the unknown automotive muffler, and have brought it into nationwide awareness.

Our franchise dealers have created respect for the MIDAS name by enabling the motorist to have his car repaired with savings in time and money.

We have done this without merchandising price. Quality of product and our exclusive service techniques, though basic, have also remained in the background.

We have merchandised our ability to satisfy the consumer's human need to feel self-respect where he spends his money.

Our franchise dealers, people without automotive experience, have found success by supplying this long-needed better approach.

The MIDAS Method is profitable and permanent.

But it works only through dealers who believe in it!—independent people seeking stimulation and guidance from the program leadership, not support.

Those creative business people selected should:

Agree to operate a MIDAS Muffler Shop as their only business.

Live in or move to protected franchise cities of 60,000 or more.

Have $10,000-$15,000, most of which is for working capital.

Reply only with your name and address. We will send you a simple form and further information. Write

MR. ROBERT M. JACOB
Dept. R1, MIDAS, INC.
4101 W. 42nd Place, Chicago 32, Ill.

25% DISCOUNT ON ALL BOOKS

(10% on Texts and Technical Books)
ANY BOOKS YOU CHOOSE

1) Deduct 25% from list price.
2) Add 20¢ per book for postage.
3) Send check or money order.

THRIFTY BOOK CLUB
206 West 15th Street
Dept. R, N.Y.C. 11, N.Y.

NO MEMBERSHIP FEE

Avant-garde MUSIC Lovers!

First Edition Records are for you who believe that *good music* has been written since Beethoven, Bach. They are finest hi-fi 12" LP recordings by Columbia technicians, of outstanding contemporary symphonies, commissioned and played by Louisville Orchestra. Single records, $7.95 — subscription, $4.98 each. Write for information and trial record.

LOUISVILLE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY
Suite 379, 830 S. Fourth St., Louisville 2, Ky.

Buy
U. S. SAVINGS
BONDS

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'Old Man Mad with Drawing'

JAY JACOBS

THE HOKUSAI SKETCHBOOKS: SELECTIONS FROM THE MANGA, by James A. Michener. *Tuttle. $10.*

Although the art of Katsushika Hokusai is not very highly regarded by discriminating Japanese, his work has achieved a measure of popularity in the West far exceeding that accorded any other non-western artist. Whatever the reason behind this popularity may be (and I suspect that it is simply because Hokusai is the least "Oriental" of the Oriental artists), it has fed until now—in this country at least—almost exclusively on the availability of such prints as the famous views of Mount Fuji, and especially on the ubiquitous "Great Wave."

Hokusai's sketchbooks, or *Manga,* relatively little known in the West, comprise fifteen sprawling, disorderly volumes in the original edition, which was published over a period of sixty-four years, the last appearing almost thirty years after the artist's death in 1849. The publication of this volume of selections by James A. Michener from the *Manga* is certainly not likely to dampen the enthusiasm of Hokusai's western admirers.

HOKUSAI was possessed, apparently, by an omnivorous demon that demanded that he record everything, animate or inanimate, natural or manufactured, that he saw. In the *Manga* he left a lively treasure of observations on the life of a people that, considered as the work of a single man (there is some evidence indicating that not all the drawings are his), is absolutely unique in range and magnitude. Page after page after page of the notebooks swarms with sprightly sketches of Japanese in every walk of life. In Hokusai's cluttered paper-and-ink democracy, priests, harlots, noblemen, peasants, courtesans, housewives, *samurai,* peddlers, vagabonds, pilgrims, musicians, and wrestlers, the fat and the thin, the old and the young, naked and clothed, live their little lives in easy proximity in this most good-humored of all *comédies humaines.*

Hokusai, who in his last years called himself "an old man mad with drawing," got out a prodigious amount of work during his long lifetime (he died at the age of eighty-nine lamenting that a heavenly grant of five more years might have enabled him to become a great painter). Artistically, the *Manga*—which constitute but a relatively small part of his total output—are patently inferior to much of his other work. I feel, however, that in the long run the *Manga,* as an illustrated catalogue of the customs and appearance of life and its appurtenances and surroundings in nineteenth-century Japan, will prove to be Hokusai's most valuable contribution.

Despite their rude vitality and irrepressible exuberance, Hokusai's sketches are marred by a certain glibness and a slovenly imprecision that exclude them from serious consideration as great art. They have frequently been compared with Rembrandt's sketches, but the comparison seems to me superficial. In his refusal to come to grips with his subjects, his satisfaction with a merely cursory description of gesture or attitude, Hokusai was far closer in spirit to the now despised Meissonier than to Rembrandt (or to Breughel, Goya, or Bosch—other western painters with whom he has been compared).

No Well-kept File Cabinet

Of course, it must be remembered that what we are seeing in Mr. Michener's selections are pictures twice removed from the original brush drawings. What we have are photographic copies of copies originally carved by hand on wood blocks (in some cases by craftsmen who infuriated Hokusai for taking liberties with his work), and it would be grossly unfair to impute to the artist all the faults of the final reproductions.

I don't mean to imply here that the Michener selections result in an unsatisfactory book. Within the limitations of the modern printing processes used, the reproductions are of a generally high quality; every effort has been made to give us something very like what the readers of the original *Manga* received. A couple of hand-carved block prints have even been included as a basis for judging the relative fidelity of the photoengraved plates to those of the original edition. It is a pity that Mr. Michener and his publishers didn't see fit to include a few photographic reproductions of Hokusai's original brush drawings for the benefit of readers unfamiliar with them.

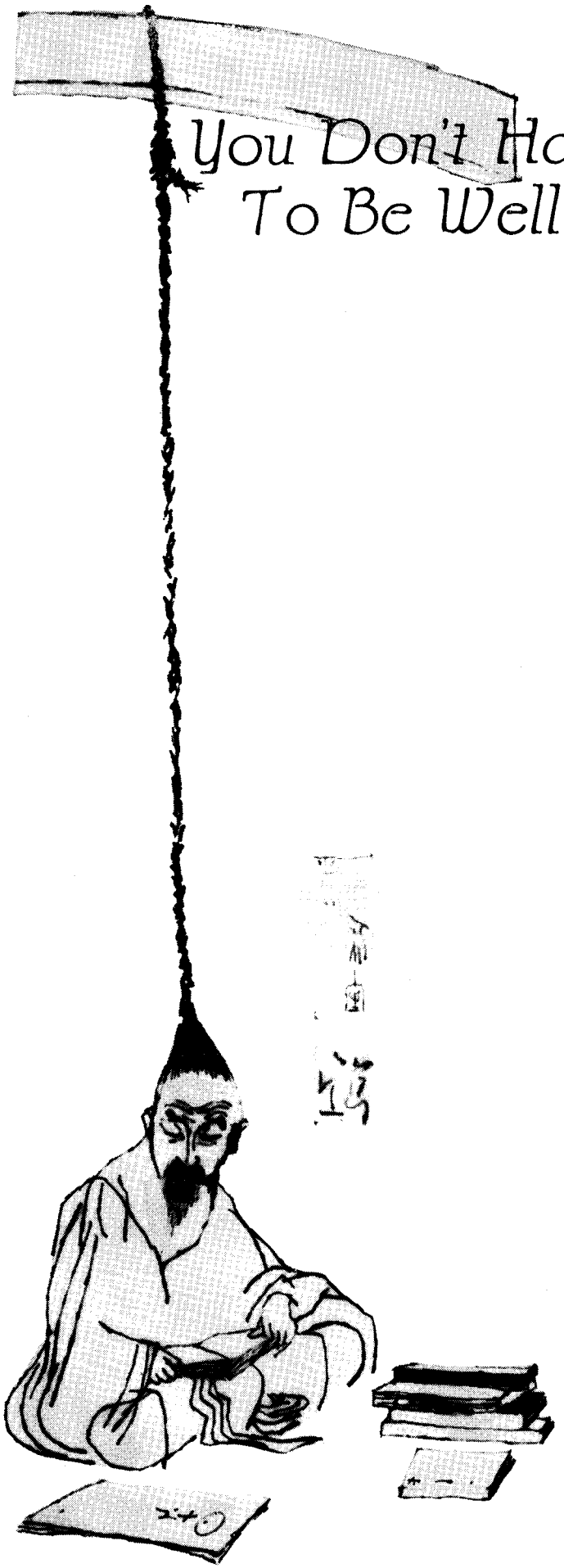
One of the chief objections of art critics to the original *Manga* has concerned its lack of unity or continuity, comprising, as it does, fifteen volumes of unrelated sketches presented in no particular order and having no systematic structure. This complaint, I think, is wholly irrelevant; there is no reason why an artist's sketchbook should resemble a well-kept file cabinet.

But Mr. Michener has allowed himself to be swayed by it, with the result that much of the flavor of the original has been lost while nothing has been gained. In an arbitrary and gratuitous attempt to impose order on Hokusai's chaotic outpourings, he has divided his volume into a number of separate sections entitled "People," "Fauna," "Flora," and so on.

This attempt to classify and pigeonhole the varied fruits of Hokusai's observations only succeeds in creating a number of quite dull stretches (Hokusai did not do all things equally well; "Flora," for example, he treated with a rigidity usually to be found only in cheap needlepoint patterns); and whatever unity the original *did* have—imposed by an amiable eye that saw all men and all things simply as subjects to be re-created equal—is lost.

THE BEST by far of Mr. Michener's contributions to *The Hokusai Sketchbooks* are his brief iconographic notes on the sketches, bits of information on Japanese custom and costume that cannot be gained from the pictures alone, and the retelling of some charming legends that Hokusai has illustrated.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



You Don't Have to Suffer To Be Well-Informed!

THE GREAT Chinese scholar Sun Ching used to tie his pigtail to a ceiling beam to prevent himself from dozing over his books.

REPORTER readers need no such precautions—for though the letters we receive show that thousands of people (among them scholars) *dote* on THE REPORTER, we've never heard of any dozing over it.

In fact, many of our readers write that for the first time they find that keeping up with world affairs is not a chore, but a fascinating adventure—full of events and ideas, people and places, actions and emotions.

THE REPORTER is more rewarding reading because it doesn't simply *accept* the news as it appears—it digs up the missing pieces. It raises the important questions and runs down the answers. And in following events to their logical conclusion, in insisting on publishing the *full story*, THE REPORTER has uncovered so much original information that it has already won eleven top journalistic awards.

When you read THE REPORTER, you get a clear sense of the *continuity* of events. Each issue fills in your world picture more fully—adding depth, detail and color as the news unfolds. That's why it's so important to read THE REPORTER *regularly*.

To make it easier for you to enjoy THE REPORTER every fortnight, we're offering a special introductory rate to new subscribers. You can follow *all* the significant news for less than a penny and a half a day.

The next 18 issues will cost you only $3.27

And you may take advantage of this introductory rate to send subscriptions to your friends, too. Your subscription—or theirs—will begin as soon as we receive your order, so why not mail the reply card opposite right now?

You needn't send any money. We'll be glad to bill you later, if you like.

Regular rates: 1 year $6, 2 years $9.50, 3 years $12
Add $1 per year for foreign postage

THE REPORTER

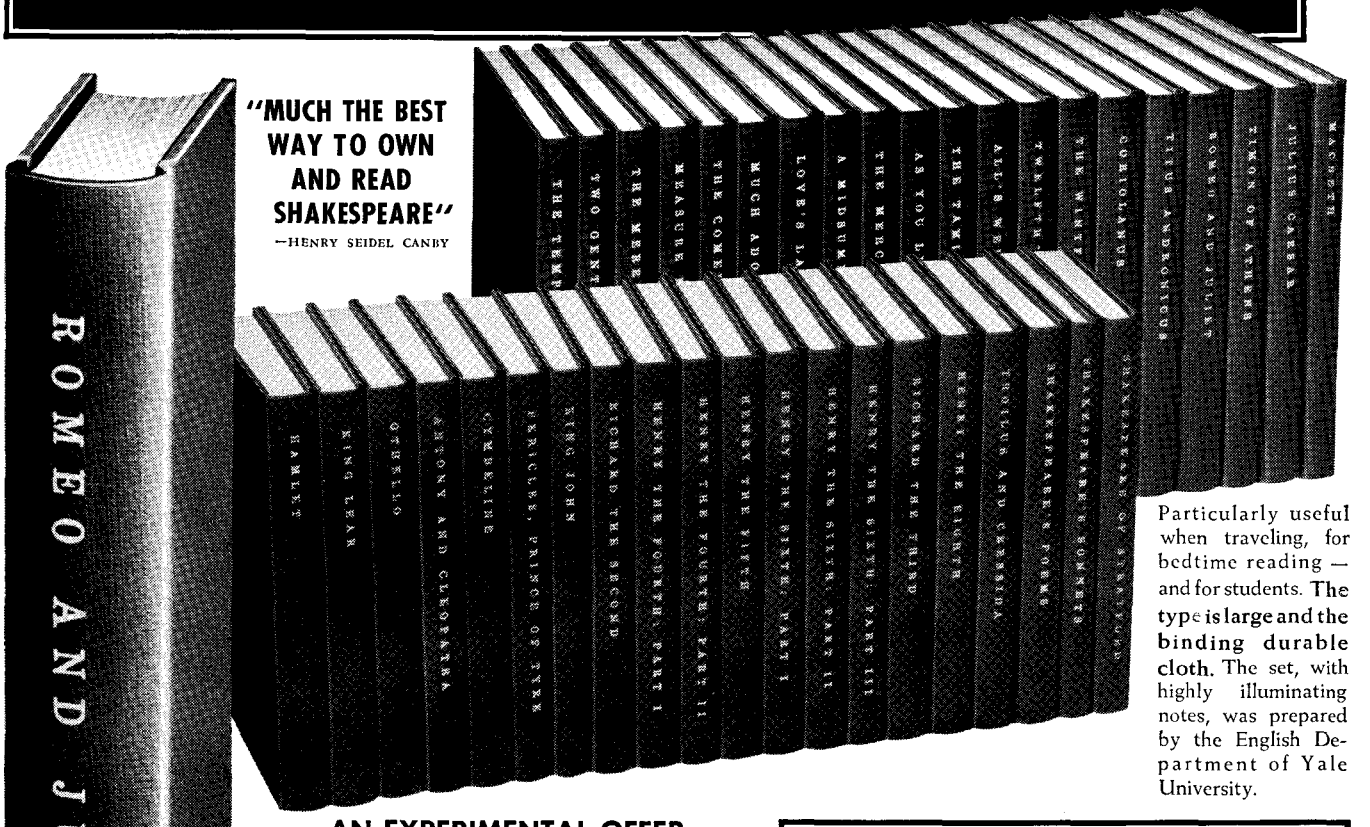
136 East 57th Street, New York 22, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE YALE UNIVERSITY
Complete Shakespeare

40 VOLUMES RETAIL PRICE $60 FOR ONLY $6

—IF YOU JOIN THE **Book-of-the-Month Club** NOW
AND AGREE TO BUY SIX BOOKS DURING THE NEXT YEAR



Particularly useful when traveling, for bedtime reading — and for students. **The type is large and the binding durable cloth.** The set, with highly illuminating notes, was prepared by the English Department of Yale University.

THIS IS THE ACTUAL SIZE

AN EXPERIMENTAL OFFER

Its purpose is to demonstrate in a dramatic way the Club's unique Book-Dividend system, through which members regularly receive valuable library volumes—either completely without charge or at a small fraction of their price—*simply by buying books they would buy anyway*. The Club has limited its first printing to 5000 sets—enough to meet the expected demand from a few "pilot" advertisements. If the results justify a larger edition one will be ordered, *but these additional sets cannot be ready until next year*. Consequently, if you are interested, immediate action is advisable.

✶ **The complete Shakespeare set** will be sent with the first book you purchase (see coupon). The five additional books you agree to buy later can be chosen from at least 200 Selections and Alternates that will be made available during the coming twelve months. **You will pay 20% less for them, on the average, than otherwise.**

✶ **After your sixth purchase**—if you continue—with every second Club choice you buy you will receive, without charge, a valuable Book-Dividend, averaging around $6 in retail value.

BEGIN MEMBERSHIP WITH ANY OF THESE

- ☐ **AKU-AKU** by Thor Heyerdahl — *Price (to members only) $4.95*
- ☐ **THE ENEMY CAMP** by Jerome Weidman — *Price (to members only) $4.25*
- ☐ **INSIDE RUSSIA TODAY** by John Gunther — *Price (to members only) $4.50*
- ☐ **THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION** by Alan Moorehead — *Price (to members only) $4.25*
- ☐ **THE WINTHROP WOMAN** by Anya Seton — *Price (to members only) $4.30*
- DOUBLE CHOICE ☐ **THE MOUNTAIN ROAD** by Theodore H. White *and* **SEIDMAN AND SON** by Elick Moll — *Combined price (to members only) $4.95*
- ☐ **THE KING MUST DIE** by Mary Renault — *Price (to members only) $3.95*
- ☐ **BY LOVE POSSESSED** by James Gould Cozzens — *Price (to members only) $3.95*
- ☐ **THE NEW CLASS** by Milovan Djilas *$3.95*
- ☐ **ANATOMY OF A MURDER** by Robert Traver — *Price (to members only) $3.95*
- ☐ **MASTERS OF DECEIT** by J. Edgar Hoover — *Price (to members only) $4.50*
- ☐ **A STUDY OF HISTORY** The two-volume abridgement of the Toynbee work — *Price (to members only) 2 vols. $5.95*
- ☐ **PLEASE DON'T EAT THE DAISIES** by Jean Kerr *$3.50*

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc. A1059
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club* and send the *Yale University Complete Shakespeare* in 40 volumes, billing me $6.00 (plus a small mailing charge), with the purchase of my first selection, checked above. I agree to purchase at least five additional monthly Selections—or Alternates—during the first year I am a member. Thereafter I need buy only four such books in any twelve month period to maintain membership. I have the right to cancel my membership any time after buying six Club choices. After my sixth purchase, if I continue, I am to receive a Book-Dividend* with every second Selection—or Alternate—I buy. (A small charge is added to cover postage and mailing expenses.)

PLEASE NOTE: A "double choice"—or a set of books offered to members at a special combined price—is counted as a *single* book in reckoning Book-Dividend credit, and in fulfilling the membership obligation.

Mr. / Mrs. / Miss .....
(Please print plainly)

Address .....

City ..... Zone ..... State .....

Books for Canadian members are priced slightly higher, are shipped from Toronto *duty free*, and may be paid for in either U. S. or Canadian currency.

Trademark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. and in Canada

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED